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Looking Forward

▶▶ INTERNATIONALLY SPEAKING, ours must be a most difficult country with which to deal—particularly at naval limitation conferences.

▶▶ RAMSAY MACDONALD, for instance, has recently paid us a visit in preparation for the conference at London this winter. All who heard him were immensely impressed by his sincerity and earnestness. He is working for a positive peace, limited only by the minimum demands of the British Admiralty: demands which he judges in their relation to Britain's defense needs and colonial responsibilities. Going to meet him soon at a conference including Italy, France and Japan, will be an American delegation headed by Secretary of State Stimson, an able man and a practical lawyer. Mr. Stimson and his associates will be amply prepared to bargain and compromise and get what they want.

▶▶ BUT ON WHAT definite necessities will they base our demands? What is to be their understanding of our needs and responsibilities? Do we have a navy for defense only? If so, against whom? And what kind should it be? Or do we have a navy to carry out a definite foreign policy? If so, what policy? And what kind of navy does it demand?

▶▶ TO MAKE A REAL contribution to peace, it is necessary that we answer these questions before we travel abroad to talk armament, parity or anything else. Otherwise, we are in the position of a man who merely looks at his neighbor's possessions and says instantly, "I want everything he has."

▶▶ IN THE NEXT few months, there will be much emotional talk in this country about peace and our own extremely peaceful desires. But until we are willing to examine our own necessities and decide what they are, we shall be unable to do anything at the conference but look pleasant; while others try to achieve a peace in which we may join. Specifically, how is our delegation to be instructed? Toward what positive ideal is America to work?

▶▶ WE THINK THE country wants and needs Presidential enlightenment on this point.

Francis Rufus Bellamy



*MIDWIFE GOING TO LABOR: A CARICATURE BY ROWLANDSON, 1800
From "Devils, Drugs and Doctors" by Howard W. Haggard (Harper and Brothers)*

Outlook

and Independent

November 13, 1929

►► Death at Birth ◄◄

Our High Maternal Mortality

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

Many readers will be shocked, we think, by the central fact in this article. It is that in the United States more mothers die at childbirth than in any of the countries which collect data on the subject. Why is this so? And what can be done about it? The author's recommendations were prepared after consulting a number of prominent obstetricians

FOR EVERY ten thousand live children born in the United States, sixty-five women lose their lives from causes connected with childbirth; a rate which in 1925 put us twenty-first on the roster of nations collecting data on the subject. Chile was at one time worse, but later reports from Chile claim that she has improved, leaving the United States at the bottom of the list.

That is not pleasant to hear, for a country which prides itself especially on hygiene and humanity. Why is it so? In the matter of infant mortality the United States makes a fairly respectable showing; it is eighth on nearly the same list of nations on which it ranks twenty-first with regard to maternal mortality. A possible explanation suggests itself. For the past fifteen years a vigorous campaign has been conducted to save children's lives; while, until the foregoing figures startled every one, the desirability of saving women's lives seems to have occurred to comparatively few people.

Amid the hurly-burly of statistics and denunciations, two facts stick out too far to be ignored or argued down. First there is the kind of training given to physicians. It has been brought out recently that our best medical schools are sending their graduates out to practise without nearly the training in obstetrics enjoyed by a midwife in Sweden. The second conspicuous fact is really the physical one of distance. In this huge country there are hundreds and hundreds of square miles of territory which for

practical purposes are unreached by medical care.

In the latter we have, probably, a survival of pioneer conditions; one more proof that America has not yet grown up to her size. The comparative neglect of obstetrics in the medical schools is much less easy to account for, and one grows curious about the state of mind of both medical profession and public which has allowed such a thing to continue.

One learns that for long years stretching into centuries, women have been consoled for their woes by being told that childbirth is a "physiological" function; i. e. the sickness and discomfort of pregnancy, the hours of unendurable pain of labor, and the frequently ensuing years of invalidism are all normal occurrences, and therefore of no particular concern to the medical fraternity.

Lately this conception has been giving way under a sort of erosive process by which some of the leading obstetrical specialists, arguing year in and year out, have made an impression on the dense mass of tradition. Yet to a great extent the ancient prejudice still holds sway with the rank and file of medical men. It is seen in the fact that many of them have lower stand-

ards for obstetrical asepsis than they have for surgical asepsis. It is seen in the widely accepted premise that while an anesthetic is a necessity in having a tooth out, it is a luxury in the infinitely more disagreeable process of having a baby.

One of the physicians who preach a more civilized conception is Dr. Joseph B. DeLee, Director of the Chicago Lying-in hospital, author of a widely-used textbook on obstetrics, and professor of that specialty in the Northwestern University Medical School. Dr. DeLee is recognized as one of the first authorities in his field. He believes that the high percentage of maternal deaths is due fundamentally to the "disesteem of obstetrics," and he predicts that there will be no great improvement in the present death rate until the medical profession and the public wake up to the pathological seriousness of child-bearing. "Pregnancy today is not a physiological function," he says. "The demands of modern life upon woman are such that she has reached the limits of her power to meet the strain of pregnancy."

THE FIGURES given in the first paragraph were compiled by the Department of Labor in 1928. To go on with the statistics, fifteen thousand maternal deaths were recorded by the Census Bureau for 1927. As only sixty-four per cent of the population is comprised in the birth registration area, it is concluded on that basis that some 20,000 women die in this country every year,

from participation in the alleged normal function of giving birth to children. In other words, childbirth is a greater menace to the life of women in their prime than any other sickness except tuberculosis. More confounding, in a way, than even the deaths is the appalling total of injury and wretchedness implied behind these figures.

CONDITIONS in England, while less aggravated than in the United States, are not dissimilar. Dr. G. W. Theobald of London appeared to grasp the point when he wrote: "When I consider the sum total of misery which is daily mounting through bad obstetrics, I feel constrained to make a plea for radical changes in the attitude toward midwifery, and to hope that these changes will be made by the profession before unnecessary and ill-directed control is exerted by the state."

The report of the Children's Bureau gives the Scandinavian countries the lowest maternal mortality rate in 1925, with 2.55 deaths per thousand live births. The Netherlands have the second lowest, with 2.6. Other rates are 4.1 in England and Wales, 5 in Germany and 6.2 in Scotland. It has been pointed out that statistics from different countries are hardly comparable, owing to different methods of collecting data. It has also been pointed out that the countries which make the best showing have the advantage of homogeneous racial stocks, theoretically well adapted to child-bearing. Moreover, the American problem is complicated by the Negroes, among whom a very high obstetric death rate prevails.

Yet with everything taken into consideration, the fact remains that all existing information puts this country in a very bad light. Forty per cent of our maternal deaths are attributed to puerperal septicemia—once known as childbed fever—which one authority calls "an absolute waste of life." Twenty-five per cent are caused by convulsions, albuminuria and other toxemias,—also largely preventable, given proper prenatal care. The remaining deaths are charged up to accidents of pregnancy and labor, which include such causes as hemorrhage, operative shock and obstructed labor.

With two-fifths of the deaths due to puerperal sepsis, it is not surprising that lack of asepsis at delivery is often mentioned by medical authorities. At one time the septic deaths were confidently blamed upon home confinements

as against hospital confinements, and upon the absence of modern medical care.

It was something of a blow to this interpretation when Robert Morse Woodbury's report came out in 1926, showing that the highest septic death rate was not in the rural districts, where the most primitive obstetric practice prevails, but in cities of 25,000 to 50,000 population. Those uncomfortable data have been confirmed again and again. In 1926 the general rate was 6.5 per thousand, but the rural rate was 5.7, while the urban rate was 7.4! Consequently, many medical men are now weighing the proposition that poor obstetrical care, such as many of the present practitioners are equipped to offer, is statistically worse than no obstetrical care. The country showing is the more remarkable when one considers the extent to which people in remote districts depend upon the ministrations of ignorant midwives. The strong point of the midwife, it appears, is that she lets nature take her course—such as it is. The best thing to be said for nature's course is that it is safer in the end than bungling obstetrics.

ANOTHER disturbing discovery is that the hospital itself is not an unmixed blessing in childbirth. A properly equipped maternity still stands out as the safest place in the world to have a baby. The Chicago Lying-in hospital, for one, achieved 11,605 deliveries with only five septic deaths. The New York Lying-in hospital has a septic rate of less than one per thousand, and this in spite of the difficulty which all such institutions face, in that some severe cases are rushed in to them for delivery, after having been mishandled outside.

But the model maternity is a separate entity, or at least it is housed in its own pavilion or wing. It is a different story when obstetric cases are mixed up with all the other classes of patients in a general hospital. "This," Dr. DeLee observes, "is a much more serious matter than hospital authorities are willing to admit." It has been found that tiny air-borne particles, from the nose or throat of a person with so slight an illness as a cold, can set up a fatal infection in a woman after childbirth. The American College of Surgeons has published a set of standards to be followed by obstetrical departments of general hospitals.

First on its list is the requirement that confinement cases be "absolutely segregated" from other patients. Another measure which it recommends is an examination of all obstetrical patients on entering, and the immediate isolation of any with influenza, tonsillitis or rash.

Meanwhile 8000 women continue to die of puerperal sepsis yearly.

AFURTHER recommendation of the American College of Surgeons is "a rigid aseptic technique." It seems strange that leading obstetricians should feel it necessary to lay so much stress on a point which ought to be self-evident. It is a recognized fact, however, that one of the chief factors behind the high obstetric death rate is the casual attitude of the average medical practitioner toward asepsis in confinement cases. Such casualness is especially unhappy in combination with an increasing number of obstetric operations. Incredible though it may sound, obstetrical specialists must labor unceasingly to persuade their colleagues that a woman in childbirth is entitled to the same aseptic care which is taken for granted in a surgical case.

One can sense the situation from the semi-apologetic words of a West Virginia doctor before a medical meeting: "Personally, my obstetric conscience does not permit of less aseptic preparation than for an operation"—interesting news to the intelligent class of patients, who had supposed that they were getting it as a matter of course. Dr. DeLee puts the matter more bluntly.

"The men still harbor the ancient midwives' prejudice against a perfect aseptic technique, while they consider it essential for surgery."

The doctor's words are taken from his editorial comments in the yearbook of the *Practical Medicine* Series. This is an annual digest of the medical journals, of which he edits the section on obstetrics. In the same volume he calls attention to yet another factor which he believes contributes to the deaths of women in childbirth. "One reason for the high obstetric mortality of the United States is the inordinately high valuation put on the life of the child. The repulsion of craniotomy on the dying child—indeed, mirabile dictu, on the dead child—is such that the most brutal operations are done, even cesarean section is performed, to avoid mutilating a bit of lifeless clay." (Craniotomy is an operation which sac-

rifices the infant.) "It is time that something is done about it."

Startling as this statement is, it does not lack confirmation. According to Dr. I. C. Rubin, ex-president of the New York Obstetrical Society, "Dr. DeLee's statement undoubtedly explains a small part of the too-high maternal mortality in this country."

The disposition to save the child even at the mother's expense is carried so far that some physicians are reluctant to perform therapeutic abortion where it is indicated for the mother's sake. A noted obstetrician told the writer about a young friend of his family who had a mild case of tuberculosis, and who became pregnant. A complication developed after a couple of months and her family doctor, up in New England, consulted the specialist by long-distance telephone. The expert urgently advised that in view of the girl's condition the pregnancy should be allowed to end itself, as it seemed about to do. The next he heard was that the girl had a baby; a few months afterwards she was dying of tuberculosis. The family doctor admitted subsequently that his one thought had been to save the child.

A tentative move has been made toward requiring that puerperal septicemia be reported to the health authorities, together with other infectious diseases. At the instance of Dr. Robert L. DeNormandie, who heads the Children's Bureau's consulting staff for maternal work, letters were sent out to find how the profession would regard legislation to this end. Puerperal septicemia was long since made reportable in Norway, and to the simple lay mind it seems an obvious step. It aroused no widespread enthusiasm among the medical gentlemen, however.

From faulty asepsis the trail leads back once more to the matter of obstetrical education. A year ago Dr. John Osborn Polak, head of the department of obstetrics and gynecology at the Long Island College hospital, had this to say: "The usual custom at present is not to call the student until the woman is about to be delivered or is in the second stage. . . The importance of aseptic detail during the conduct of the first stage of labor should be so impressed on the student that when ob-

stetric operations must be done, they will not be followed with the morbidity and mortality so common in present day practice."

Two years ago the American Association of Obstetricians, Gynecologists and Abdominal Surgeons passed resolutions asking equal recognition of surgery and obstetrics in the curricula of medical schools. According to Dr.

taught surgery which they will not practice, and later practice midwifery which they were not taught."

What is the actual status of obstetric teaching in this country? It is not for laymen to enter into technicalities or weigh the various merits of proposed reforms. We can, however, evaluate these things relatively—in relation, for instance, to what doctors and midwives are taught in other countries. Dr. George W. Kosmak, editor of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, recently studied the system of supervised midwife practice in the Scandinavian countries. He found that the woman who is to be licensed as a midwife must come into intimate contact with or conduct at least one hundred cases of labor during her one or two-year training period. The American medical student receives his diploma from the Grade A schools after having conducted only two to twelve cases of labor, and witnessed at most fifty. The ridiculously low number of deliveries required by most states, in their medical practice acts, is another factor in the situation.

According to Dr. Polak "no man with such a paucity of surgical knowledge would attempt to assume the responsibility of an abdominal operation. Yet he is assumed competent to handle an obstetric delivery, which is in every sense a surgical procedure."

Dozens of other leading medical men subscribe to that opinion. To name only two, Dr. Fred C. Zapffe, secretary of the Association of American Medical Colleges, says that "during an experience of twenty-three years of visiting medical schools," he has become convinced that "the teaching of obstetrics is wholly inadequate." Dr. Frederick W. Rice, of Bellevue hospital, New York, is of the opinion that "the instruction is generally not sufficient to prepare students to conduct even normal deliveries."

Over against this damning accumulation of evidence, what is the attitude of the body of the profession? A year ago the Committee on Curriculum of the American Medical Association were recommending a plan which would cut down the obstetrical experience of the medical student still further. They have since thought better of it.

THE

English Midwife

ENLARGED,

Containing

Directions to Midwives;

Wherein is laid down whatever is most requisite for the safe Practising her Art

ALSO

Instructions for Women in their Conceiving, Bearing and Nursing of Children.

With two new Treatises, one of the Cure of Diseases and Symptoms happening to Women before and after Child-birth.

And another of the Diseases, &c. of little Children, and the conditions necessary to be considered in the choice of their Nurses and Milk.

The whole fitted for the meanest Capacities.

Illustrated with near 40 Copper-Cuts.

London, Printed for Rowland Reynolds, next door to the Golden Bottle in the Strand, at the middle Exchange door, 1682.

From Devils, Drugs and Doctors (Harpers)

Title page from a book on midwifery published in 1682

Palmer Findley of Omaha, then president of the association, "A study of the curricula of our medical schools showed that in actual teaching hours the ratio of obstetrics to general surgery, exclusive of surgical specialties, was as four to eighteen." The study referred to was made in 1925 by the Maternal Welfare Committee. It also reported that the general practitioner gives about thirty-five per cent of his time to obstetrics, as against fifteen per cent to minor surgery, fractures and life insurance combined. He does practically no major surgery. It is small wonder if Dr. Findley cites the remark of an English physician: "Students are



Underwood

A MODERN MATERNITY WARD
In the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital

Every one who essays to talk about maternal deaths devotes some time to thundering against the evils of operative intervention in labor. No one denies the evils, but it is well to bear in mind the causes thereof. Operative procedures lead to dismaying results because they are performed by men who have never learned how to do them,—nor when not to do them. Comparatively simple operations, such as low forceps, which are harmless when performed by skilled men in proper surroundings, become replete with dangers of infection when the technique is poor. Worse yet is the reckless use of cesarean section and other grave operations. The records of the Massachusetts Board of Health show that cesarean section has taken second place away from convulsions as a cause of death in childbirth. Under the best auspices this procedure has a mortality of two or three per hundred, and every preliminary examination, every hour of labor, increases the risk until it is up to thirteen or sixteen per cent. No wonder the historic last resort is still considered a menace!

It is something to think about when one hears skilled obstetricians say that its extended use is "a confession of ignorance."

Dr. Frank W. Lynch of San Francisco has observed that the medical students he is familiar with have small chance of meeting a case of obstructed labor in their limited contact with obstetrics. "Hence such a student will turn too easily to cesarean section when confronted by an obstruction in his own

practice." The moral is fairly clear.

With the situation as it is many responsible obstetricians feel that they have no choice but to preach "nature" to the practitioner, even though they do not leave over-much to nature in their own practice. There are minor interventions which shorten and ease the course of labor, quite safely affording relief to women *in trained hands*. The do-as-I-say-not-as-I-do of the specialists is commendable at the moment; it is well-meant. But to thoughtful ears the back-to-nature movement in obstetrics sound vaguely like telling the water to go back over the dam.

After all, the medical gentlemen are not the only people concerned in the matter; perhaps it is time for the lay victim to be heard from. This humble person grows a trifle impatient at the continued intimations—which the obstetricians are not guilty of, incidentally—that the problem of obstetrics would be largely simplified if women would only put up with their trials as they are supposed to do. Characteristic of this frame of mind is the remark of Dr. Shirley Wynne, New York City's Health Commissioner. Dr. Wynne explaining the maternal death rate: "A large proportion of the present-day mothers demand an interference with the natural course of labor. They demand the use of drugs to relieve the pain and forceps to hasten the delivery."

Quite so. But it is the business of civilization to afford relief of suffering, as well as lessening of injury and

death. There is not a chance in the world, I believe, that women will cease their demands for intervention which Dr. Wynne and others appear to find unreasonable. They have a right to ask it. The medical profession will have to equip itself to furnish alleviation, and furnish it safely.

In the lay press as well as in the medical journals designed for consumption by the rank and file, there has been a flood of harsh words directed at the "meddling" and "hasty" practitioners who *will* try to interfere with nature and perform obstetric operations which they are not fitted to perform. To read these excoriations one would suppose that the offending physicians never intervened for any higher motive than a golfing date. But to the layman with some personal knowledge of the subject, all this sounds a bit disingenuous. Is the practitioner wholly to blame if, face to face with the abominations which nature sees fit to inflict, he sometimes attempts a relief which is beyond his powers? Is it his fault, or is it the fault of the wise and learned doctors in the inner councils of the profession, who send the young practitioner out unprepared to cope with crises which they know perfectly well he is going to meet?

There is another end of the case which is being somewhat elided at the present time. In trying to stem the wave of unskilled operative deliveries, medical authorities are inclined to soft-pedal the fact that between unintelligent interference and unintelligent non-interference it is a choice of evils. Interference is undoubtedly doing more damage at present,—but by looking past the current agitation one may learn that conservatism takes its toll of death and injury, as well as "meddling."

Dr. Rubin is one of the physicians who have called attention to the fact that conservatism can be and often is carried past the point of safety. He makes the observation that the public's attachment to the "hands-off" policy sometimes goes ahead of the doctor's, to the patient's detriment. He speaks, of course, from the standpoint of the skilled obstetrician.

"In the last analysis the public must depend upon the training and skill, idealism and conscience of those to whom the safety of expectant mothers is entrusted; above all to that rare quality of judgment, which is born of ripe experience and rigid self-criticism.

(Please Turn to Page 437)

▶▶ Americanizing Europe ◀◀

By MARVIN M. BLACK

The United States of Europe may be a statesman's dream, but an economic and industrial Americanization of Europe is even now a good deal of a reality. Mr. Black, a student of such matters, presents some interesting facts about the phenomenon.

AMERICAN efficiency methods are spreading rapidly abroad. "Rationalization" is the watchword of the day. By this means, systematic efforts of the various European governments are being used to build up industry in the striving for that particular brand of prosperity upon which we Americans love to dote. The rapid spread of psycho-technology has made it the major topic of numerous economic conferences abroad. In Germany, "Die rationalisierung" of whole industries is part of a national plan. Other governments are following carefully American methods of simplification, standardization, elimination of waste. In France, Dr. Taylor's *Scientific Management* has gained wide acceptance. In Great Britain, various industrial boards are paying strict attention to fatigue and physical conditions of work, while Russia has adopted wholesale every conceivable phase of large scale production methods. Rationalization is the shrine at which all the leading nations of Europe now bow down and worship.

The automobile industry is the major factor in the increasing Americanization of Europe, in which General Motors and Henry Ford are star performers. With numerous offices and assembly plants abroad, and American advertising methods, European business is taking on a distinctly American complexion. Sales methods of these automobile companies in London, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Antwerp; and Paris are being copied by other manufacturers abroad, not only in the automobile trade but in many other lines. In England, the Austin car corresponds to the American Chevrolet; the Morris car to the Ford. In each plant, mass production methods are similar to those extensively

used in our own automobile factories. A recent motor show in Paris revealed a distinct American trend: six cylinder cars, straight eights, rich upholstery, fancy body finish, and such novelties as cord front wheel drive, four-speed transmission, the latest wrinkles in shock absorbers—all to make Madame and Mademoiselle as automobile conscious as her American sisters.

Europe has likewise taken the cue from our "Buy it in America" movement to urge her people to "Buy European-made goods." England, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and Norway have all fallen in line and are marching to the tune of national pride. The tremendous changes in the buying habits of Europe since 1919, however, have reacted favorably upon a number of American-made products in spite of this nationalistic propaganda. Break-

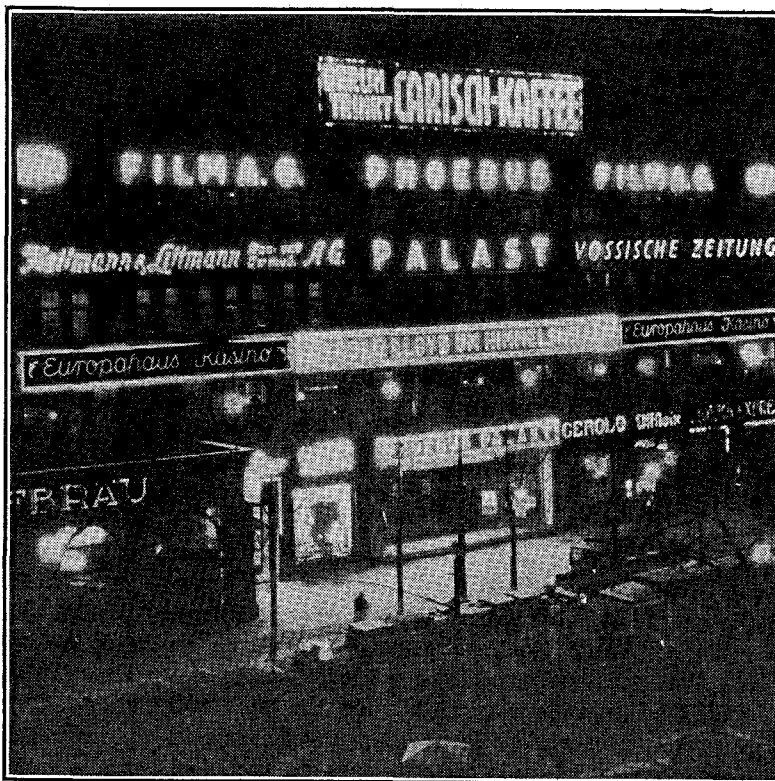
fast foods, cereals, sauces, canned fruits, and bananas are in constantly increasing demand. A higher standard of living is further evidenced by the sale of various electrical appliances and other labor saving devices. There, as in America, high

powered advertising methods are employed to make the housewife conscious of all the numerous contrivances to lighten her housework and increase the happiness of the household. Various women's organizations in Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia are teaching the housewife how to get the most out of life. All these efforts are similar to the activities of our Good Housekeeping Institute, or of the various organizations fostered by the National Electric Light Association.

Thomas Bata, the "Henry Ford of Europe," has built up a shoe manufacturing business in Czechoslovakia on the grand scale. His conveyor systems, subdivision of labor, and high wages are characteristic of our own mass production methods. He produces so economically as to threaten

seriously his competitors. Chain stores and co-operative associations are growing tremendously throughout Europe. These co-operatives own bakeries, factories, stores in various lines of business. The "multiple shops" (chain stores) in England are cutting severely into the revenue of independent dealers. The waters of distribution abroad are almost equally troubled as in the United States.

In Great Britain, the trend toward combination in industry is distinctly American. Iron and steel, electric manufacturing and cable making are mainly large undertakings. Coal mining exhibits varied organization, including many independent mines and some large amalgamations, whose number has



Ewing Galloway

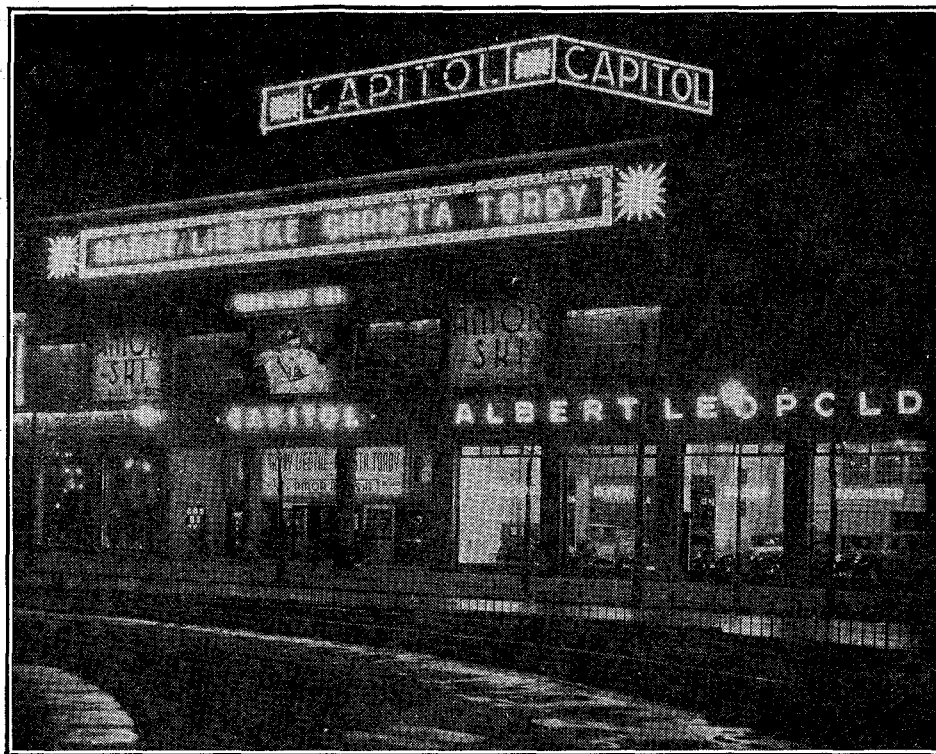
RIVALLING BROADWAY

In its glaring electric signs and gaudy show windows, Berlin is beginning to look like New York

recently increased because of the coal strike. Here, the process of rationalization is of keenest necessity; the so-called Mond, or Turner-Melchett conferences between employers and trades unions have emphasized this fact. Combinations chiefly for more specialization and co-ordination are growing in the cotton textile industry, while both the chemical and shipbuilding trades include a number of large amalgamations. Horizontal combination of plants engaged in similar productive enterprises, and the vertical combination of those in the various stages of making the finished product are the order of the day in the steel industry.

However, rationalization has not proceeded so rapidly in England as in other European countries. The reason is not far to seek. Both France and Germany went through a period of depreciated currency after the War which enabled them to wipe out all capital debts and begin anew. In Germany, the stimulation acquired during this inflationary debauch, in renovating and re-equipping plants, has now become a habit. The French industrial fabric has undergone an almost complete reconstruction and general enlargement since the War. Reconstruction of devastated areas has re-equipped many large industries: coal and ore mines, chemical works, and textiles. A depreciated currency, coupled with Government grants, has worked wonders in speeding the rationalization process in these two countries.

The English Government, like our own, since the War is endeavoring to encourage large scale combination, with Government supervision. The Electricity Supply Act, the London Electricity Act, the Gas Regulation Act, and the Railway Consolidation Act are specific instances of this trend in the field of public utilities and communication. The principal Joint Stock Banks are now amalgamated into five great companies with official sanction. The Royal Commission of the Coal Industry has recommended the consolidation of mines and the adoption of joint selling arrangements. The Mining Industries Act of 1926 and the Companies Act of 1928 contain provisions to encourage the consolidation of companies under certain conditions. Trade associations, though multitudinous in America, are still in their swaddling clothes in Great Britain.



Ewing Galloway

AUTOMOBILE ROW IN BERLIN

Displaying new cars, most of them American made

Britain looks with envy upon the highly developed system of trade associations in France and Germany, where both membership and contributions are compulsory. In England, their influence is weak and very few are well organized. Standardization, however, has gained a little ground. Automobiles, motorcycles, and the engineering trades, through the leadership of the Engineering Standards Association, have adopted the tactics recommended to American manufacturers by President Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce. In America, however, standardization has reached a high point of development which Britain can never hope to attain. Her need is not so pressing. British manufacturers and merchants seek a widely diversified world market; America has a gigantic homogeneous trade among the forty-eight states.

The Soviet Government is the prize example of the wholesale, slavish copying of American efficiency methods. The industrialization of Russia on an extensive scale is yet only in its embryonic stages, but for the past two years American firms have begun to play an important part as technical advisors to Soviet industry. Contracts for technical assistance in the construction of new industrial enterprises have been concluded with American firms in

various lines of business. Hugh L. Cooper & Company are consulting engineers on the vast Dnieper power plant construction in the Ukraine, to have a capacity of 800,000 horsepower, the largest in Europe. Four huge turbines for this project have been ordered from the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, and the International General Electric Company. The Ford Motor Company will aid the Soviet automobile industry in the annual production at Nizhni-Novgorod of 100,000 cars, both passenger and trucks. The Hercules Motor Corporation will aid the motor industry in Russia by advising on the construction of heavy automobile truck engines in the factory at Yavoslavl.

The coal industry, iron and steel plants, and communications likewise will be fostered by American firms. Allen & Garcia are to act as consulting engineers in construction of new coal shafts in the Donetz basin and Siberia; Stuart, James & Cooke for the Donugol, the Moscow and Kizel coal trusts. Henry Freyn, Inc. are now designing steel mills to be constructed in various parts of Russia. The contract with Radio Corporation of America for exchange of patents and engineering information on a variety of radio equipment is one of the most important of several technical assistance agreements

between American firms and the Soviets within the past two years.

Comprehensive plans for the rehabilitation of agriculture call for extensive aid from American firms. Nitrogen Engineering and Du Pont de Nemours Companies will render technical assistance in the construction and operation of ammonia fertilizer factories. Albert Kahn, Inc. is to design buildings for the tremendous Stalingrad Tractor Plant, to produce 40,000 tractors yearly. International Harvester Company has already shipped thousands of tractors for use on the large state owned farms. The Mechanical Manufacturing Company of Chicago is to aid the meat packing industry, while the McCormick Company of Pittsburgh will design the largest baking plant in Moscow, entirely equipped with American machinery.

Germany is the prize example of the tendency to organize into associations and societies. Our legion of trade groups look puny compared to her numerous and varied vigorous societies and combinations. Syndicates, amalgamations, combinations, and super-combinations multiply apace. The Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate of Essen-on-the-Ruhr is of long standing, and probably the most important today. The Steelworks Association, the Pig Iron Association, and the vast Krupp works are formidable giants in the steel and iron industries who swing a mighty club in world business. In the field, the famous Potash Syndicate is already well known. The renowned and redoubtable I G Farbenindustrie is the monster of the dye industry, while the A E G lords it in the field of electricity. The rayon industry is largely controlled by two powerful groups: the Bemberg Company, and the far-reaching Vereingte-Glanzstoff Werke, with large holdings here in America. All of these vast combinations are carrying out to the nth degree the tactics adopted by our large American groups in endeavors to control prices, standardize production, study markets and increase the efficiency of business. The famous Opel Automobile Works, now owned by General Motors, is an outstanding instance of the direct Americanization process.

Large branches of industry have formed in recent times various economic central organizations quite similar to our chambers of commerce and so-called industrial institutes. The Association of German Wholesalers and

Oversea Commerce comprises 320 trade associations and represents the interests of 45,000 business houses; the Association of German Retailers has 69 associations representing 300,000 firms. The Central Association for Banking & Trade, composed of 1500 firms, is the official banking organization, while various other associations of handicraft, innkeepers, ship-owners, trucking, railways, and air traffic exist world without end. Then, on top of that, with the consumers' co-operatives, municipal research organizations, employer and employee unions, and the ubiquitous chambers of commerce, Germany is fast becoming a nation of joiners, whose acceleration promises to exceed that of the United States.

INTERNATIONAL associations have attained an increasing significance in Germany of late. The agreements of the International Union of Raw Steel Manufacturers, and the German-French potash agreements are already well-known, but there are others not so familiar. The German-American Economic Association was established in 1914. The Amerika-Institut of Berlin was formed in 1911 to assist in the intellectual interchange between the two countries. Its work has steadily increased in scope and nature, so that it now exchanges with us information on banking, taxation, utilities, engineering, education; assists research studies, and does all in its power to promote good feeling between the two countries.

Although the rationalizing process is gradually gaining ground abroad, there is no likelihood of a universal adoption of Americanizing influences all at once. In Europe, the industrialist is inclined to be both traditional and secretive, somewhat more independent than here in the United States. Regarding his methods as purely personal, not open to criticism by discussion from the outside, he rather resents any prying into his affairs. He differs, too, in a marked degree in his political-mindedness. As a general rule, the European industrialist looks to his government for leadership in the introduction of new methods, while the American wants government to keep its hands off business as much as possible.

The United States has its economic fingers in nearly every European pie. We have financed machinery and steel in Germany and Luxembourg; banks in Austria, Holland, and Hungary; hydro-electric projects in Germany, Italy,

Norway, and Russia; railroads in Belgium; automobiles in France, Germany, and Italy; telephones in Spain; steamship companies in England, France, Germany; and in Italy the craze for standardization and adoption of more efficient methods is spreading like wild-fire in all the most important Italian industrial centers. The Fiat plants, the Ansaldo works, Montecatini, and other large enterprises have obtained substantial success in the adoption of American tactics, while the rationalization program has been extended to important distributing agencies.

Other processes, equally as potent as the economic, are likewise subtly at work, gradually changing the character of European civilization. The modernist movement is in full swing abroad, in art, furniture, literature, and music. Various expositions of modernistic furniture, art, etc., have been held in England, Germany, Austria, and Sweden, rivalling exhibits of similar nature in the United States. In its bizarre amusements, its glaring electric signs, gaudy show windows, Berlin is fast beginning to look like New York. The German amusement palace, the "Vaterland," phantasmagoric in appearance, is the ne plus ultra of modernistic art, six stories high, costing millions of marks. Beside it, the Paramount or the Roxy look tame. It consists of restaurants, dancing halls, and amusement resorts, designated by such high-sounding and poetic names as the "Rhine Room," "Bavarian Room," "Wild West Bar." The section surrounding it rivals Times Square.

Screaming bill-boards and glaring electric signs in Berlin tell of a favorite brand of chewing gum. A whole street in London is lined with shops displaying American office supplies, furniture, and efficiency machines; the ubiquitous five and ten stores, or "British Chemists Shops" are found in nearly every British city. In Paris, gaping crowds ogle the displays of new cars of American make; Fords, Packards, Cadillacs flaunt themselves in many colors and shapes. American movies control 90 per cent of the world's film business. Through their influence, our customs, our habits, and our manner of life are portrayed. Here then is the culmination of the process of Americanization. At work, at home, at play, wherever the European may turn, the American scheme of things is ever flaunted before him. Is it a menace or a blessing?

The Obscure Years

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

Six months after Mary Baker and George Washington Glover were married she was a widow, and a little later a mother. The years that followed were years of illness and obscurity; nor were her fortunes greatly improved when, after nine years of widowhood, she married the handsome Dr. Patterson. This is the second installment of Mrs. Springer's biography, "According to the Flesh"

THE SHOCK of her husband's death and the birth of her child brought on a protracted illness, and she required the constant nursing and attendance of her family. The child was strong and well, and was taken to the home of Amos Morrison, whose wife had given birth to twins, one of whom had died. Mrs. Morrison nursed both her remaining child and little George.

Once over the acute stage of her illness, Mrs. Glover was again in that state of nervous instability which had so disturbed her youth, and there followed a series of relapses and recoveries. A practical nurse, Mahala Sanborn, attended Mrs. Glover during this period, and often took little George home with her at night, since the presence of the child increased his mother's nervousness; and the young widow was the object of her family's most tender affection and solicitude. Mark Baker strewed the road before the house with tanbark to muffle the noise of passing wagons. When the invalid was restless at night, he carried her in his arms, or rocked her to sleep as if she were a child. Her sister, Mrs. Tilton, with whom she often stayed, had a kind of cradle made of a divan fitted with rockers, with an extension seat at one end, where John Varney the hired man sat and by rocking himself also rocked the "cradle" in which lay the invalid. The story goes that a swing was also put up in her room, with a rope attached, going over the transom, so that she could be swung from outside, and that "swinging Mrs. Glover" came to be a popular way of earning pocket money for the small boys of the neighborhood.

It is said that on occasions, when the agitation of her nerves failed to respond to their ministrations, her father would send for old "Boston John" Clark, a bridge builder from up the valley who had acquired some reputation as a mesmerist, and that he never failed to quiet her.

The unsympathetic said that Mrs. Glover neglected and even disliked her child. And here, as at all other times, the two accounts of Mary Baker run

side by side. On one hand, they said that she was selfish, vain, and affected now the southern lady's manner and speech; that if she went to the sewing circle, it was not to sew, but to regale them with stories of her life in Charleston, her aristocratic friends, and her dissatisfaction with the social life offered by Sanbornton Bridge. They said she used powder and rouge! And again the charges appear that her attacks were "hysteria mingled with bad temper." And a neighbor told of asking Mark Baker one day why Mary was rushing up and down on upper veranda in such a state, to which Mark replied, "The Bible says Mary Magdelene had seven devils, but our Mary's got ten." On the other hand there are the stories of her tender devotion to her child, overtaxing her delicate strength with his care until he must be torn from her side; of her charitable works, her deep interest in the great questions then agitating the North and South, of her ardent anti-slavery sympathies, and contributions to the press on political subjects, of the esteem in which she was held by the important men of her State who sought and valued her opinions on the vital questions of the day.

We have, fortunately, a letter written by her at this period to a friend, Martha Drew Rand, who later married George Sullivan Baker. It is a charming letter, intimate, gossipy, resenting some gossip about herself,—with a pretty sentiment and genuine affection for her absent friend. Space forbids more than a few excerpts here.

"The Sem. ladies are getting up a fare [not fair] to defray the expense of building operations, such as fitting up an assembly room. Miss Lane is figurante and directress. Wonderful! that a girl of twenty-two summers can be so sage in counsel!!! I have had

an invite to join but dis child wont spend a whole shilling of borrowed money again on charitable occasions, I think. I have almost relinquished the hope of being at Concord this summer to take lessons on the Piano; and shall wait at home for some breeze or billow to steer my future course. O

Mathy, how I wish we could be together this ensuing summer, get a school together or in some way manage it. My own health is poor this spring, the consequence of the season only, I hope. Dear Mother and Father are well, and Mother said to me on leaving for church, 'If you write to Martha give her much love from me.' Please excuse this hasty scrawl. George has been constantly at my elbow, which must account for the execution. Let me hear from you very soon and all I could wish. And now Adieu—Believing me Truly Thine.

Mary M. Glover."

The little George at her elbow would have been about three. The reference to spending "borrowed money" indicates her attitude toward the position in which she found herself at this time. Twice during this period Mrs. Glover opened an infants' school, using a building in Mrs. Tilton's yard, but both attempts failed, and she abandoned the project.

In the fall of 1849 Mrs. Baker, Mary's mother, died. And in the following year Mark Baker married again. His second wife was a well-to-do widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Duncan, sister of the lieutenant-governor of New York.

This brought a new mistress to Mark Baker's house, and created the usual stepmother situation for Mary, which was further complicated by the presence of her child. Shortly after Mark Baker's marriage, the child, then seven years old, was given to Mahala Sanborn, who had married Russell Cheney and was going to North Groton, a small hill-town forty miles away, to live. Little George Glover went with them, and thenceforth lived with them as their son.

This chapter in Mrs. Eddy's life remains a mystery. Her autobiography

veers from the subject as if she had here encountered deep water,—a painful memory which she would prefer to avoid.

"A few months before my father's second marriage, to Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Duncan, sister of Lieutenant-Governor George W. Patterson of New York, my little son, about four years of age, was sent away from me, and put under the care of our family nurse, who had married, and resided in the northern part of New Hampshire. I had no training for self-support, and my home I regarded as very precious. The night before my child was taken from me I knelt by his side throughout the dark hours, hoping for a vision of relief from this trial. The following lines are taken from my poem, 'Mother's Darling,' written after this separation:

Thy smile, through tears, as
sunshine o'er the sea,
Awoke new beauty in the
surge's roll.
Oh, life is dead, bereft of all
with thee,—
Star of my earthly hope,
babe of my soul."

Confusion is only added to the mystery by Mrs. Eddy's later statements concerning this period of her life. In *Miscellany*, p. 312, she says, "My salary for writing gave me ample support." On page 313, "I was obliged to be parted from my son, because after my father's second marriage my little boy was not welcome in my father's house."

In the *Encyclopedia Americana*, Clifford P. Smith, an official spokesman of her Church, says that Mrs. Glover's literary ability "was recognized by an offer of \$3000 a year (a large salary at that time) to become associate editor of the *Odd Fellows Magazine*, then edited by Rev. Richard Rust." And Mrs. Eddy is quoted by Michael Meehan as having said in a conversation with Edwin J. Parke of the *Boston Globe*:

"When my son was eight years old I determined to leave my father's house to pursue my literary work, and I selected as the woman best calculated to care for the child, the wife of Simeon Cheney, who was formerly Mahala Sanborn, who had been our nurse and whom I knew to be a good girl, kind and tender, and who I knew would take good care of my boy. I was then

able to earn \$50 a week by my writings, and I had been offered \$3000 a year to write for the *Odd Fellows' Covenant*."

The Reverend Richard Rust, who edited the *Covenant*, was a close friend of the Baker family, and apparently a staunch admirer of the young and ambitious authoress. He engaged her as temporary substitute teacher in the



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DR. DANIEL PATTERSON

Methodist Seminary of which he was principal. He published her poems and an occasional prose piece in the *Covenant*. She also contributed a series of short stories (very minor and flowery, to be sure; but she got them published nevertheless) to a Masonic magazine; published a few poems in *Godey's Ladies Book*; the local papers printed her poems, and now and then a dissertation on the evils of slavery as observed by her in the South—a tribute to her arts of personal persuasion, certainly, in the anti-Abolitionist New England of that day. (She would be on the opposing side!)

It is probable that she did have some such plan as leaving her father's house "to pursue her literary work," and so arranged for the child to go with Mahala; and that her plan somehow went astray. It is possible too that she had some offer or prospect of one. But \$50 a week, \$3000 a year! It was, as Clifford P. Smith remarked, "a large salary at that time." She was always bad at figures, and when she told him of it in her later life it probably seemed very small indeed

Springfield, Missouri, compared to the fortune flowing steadily in from her books and publishing house.

Was it illness that prevented her from carrying out her plan? The Authorized Life ascribes her subsequent illness to the series of bereavements she had suffered,—brother, husband, mother,—culminating in the separation from her son, and places the blame for the separation directly upon the family, with Mrs. Glover, "the soul of gentleness, patience, and humility" not giving up until the very last hour.

Neither these assertions, nor the assertion of her enemies that Mrs. Glover heartlessly abandoned her only child, seem characteristic or believable. And neither Mark Baker's reported remark that "Mary acts like an old ewe that won't own its lamb; she won't have the boy near her," nor Georgine Milmine's conclusion that the absence of maternal feeling in Mrs. Glover "must be considered, like her lack of the sense of smell, a defect of constitution rather than a vice of character," can be said to clear the subject of obscurity.

All these versions are examples of what may grow out of an attempt to evade what may be a very harmless truth. Whatever the reason or combination of reasons that led her to give up her child, it is clear that she lacked the fierce possessive instinct of the predatory mother, the favorite theme of our playwrights and novelists for the past decade. She cannot be charged with having blighted her son's life by imposing upon him a mother-fixation; and as evidence of the salutary effect of his freedom it is interesting to know that when as a grown man, many years later, George Glover saw his mother again, he manifested for her a genuine and tender admiration and regard. The separation was then, let us content ourselves with saying with Miss Wilbur, part of "the quiet unfolding of destiny."

Mrs. Glover now took up her home with her sister, Mrs. Tilton; though she often spent days at a time at her father's house. This was in 1851, the period just preceding the Civil War. The subject of slavery was a matter of passionate discussion everywhere. And here Mary, however dependent upon her family for shelter, proved that her opinions were still her own. She voiced her views on the question of politics in the face of her family's opposition.

But there were other interests as well. In every house where politics was not being discussed, spiritualistic seances were being held. In Rochester the Fox sisters had heard their "rappings," and the wave of Spiritualism that swept over the country was now in full force.

Mrs. Glover, like every one else from the highest to the lowest, was excited by what were thought to be messages from another world. It is said that she heard rappings, as the Fox sisters did, and one family friend recalled a night spent with Mrs. Glover when "her rest was constantly disturbed by the strange rappings, and by Mary's frequent announcements of the 'appearance' of different spirits as they came and went." Georgine Milmine quotes a townsman on the subject of Mrs. Glover's ability as a writing medium as saying: "This was by no means looked upon

as anything discreditable, but only as a matter of great astonishment." (One feels sure that if she was a medium at all, it would be as a "writing medium" that she would excel.)

There is nothing reprehensible in all this. On the contrary, it is evidence of her inquiring, if perhaps too susceptible, mind; and of her tendency to investigate and try out the new experience. It is clear that it was a passing interest, yet there has been a persistent effort to disassociate Mrs. Eddy's name from any activity along this line. Just why it should be thought necessary to deny growth in the life of the leader of Christian Science, it is difficult to see.

One day a visitor appeared at Mark Baker's house. He was Dr. Daniel Patterson, a relative of the new Mrs. Baker and a stranger in Sanbornton Bridge. As he walked down the streets of the town every feminine heart fluttered, for he was tall, handsome, wore a magnificent beard, in that day of fine beards, and was superbly dressed. His black frock coat of the finest cloth, his shining silk hat, his thin-soled var-

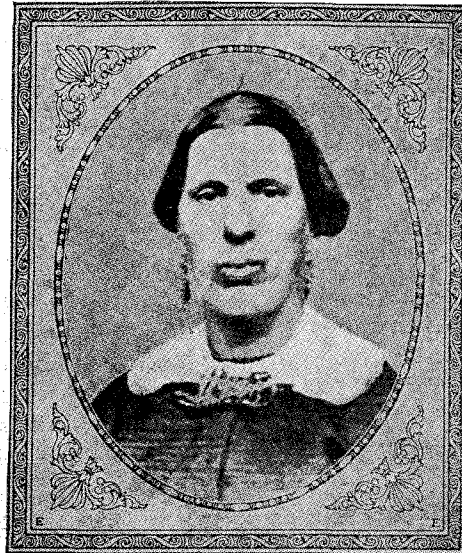
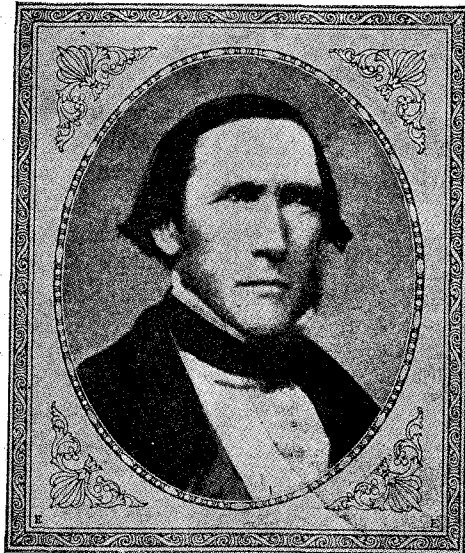
nished boots, all worn with an easy and careless grace, must have created a sensation in the little town.

Mrs. Glover was just then passing through one of those relapses which so often confined her to the house, and all about her were in that state of anxiety and fear which invariably attacked them when Mrs. Glover was ill. Dr. Patterson brought with him an atmosphere of vitality and cheer. His own rich, warm vitality spread through the house. His easy going, laughter-

her up to her room again afterward. Without a struggle, without a moment's competition, the pretty widow had captured the handsome stranger. She was now thirty-one, and her widowhood had lasted for nine years.

Of her reasons for this marriage, Mrs. Eddy says in her autobiography, "My dominant thought in marrying again was to get back my child. . . ." But this motive seems hardly to be borne out by her subsequent attitude. It was perhaps a rationalization of her

motive for a marriage which she later regretted. The fact seems to be that she, like several other ladies of his acquaintance, fell under the spell of the irresistible Dr. Patterson; the impression is inescapable that she was very much in love with the handsome doctor and that so long as his devotion was reserved for her alone she was happy in the marriage; and even



MR. AND MRS. RUSSELL CHENEY

To whom Mrs. Glover gave her only child to be brought-up

loving nature released the tension, and inspired them all with confidence. From the time he first set eyes upon her, Dr. Patterson was determined to marry Mrs. Glover. But she was ill, she was said to be difficult. These things he swept magnificently aside. He himself would cure her. For although Dr. Patterson was a dentist, he also had given some attention to the new school of medicine called Homeopathy, and had used the remedies with some success in treating his own patients. Mrs. Glover's case, said he, was clearly one for Homeopathy. A fragile creature such as she should not be dosed with gross and heavy remedies. To the fine attenuations of a drug her delicate system would as delicately respond.

A crisis presently occurring in her illness, Dr. Patterson took charge, prescribed for her, and brought her through. Now, masterfully, he proposed to marry her at once, and in spite of some warnings from the family, succeeded in having his way. Romantically he carried the fragile bride downstairs in his arms for the ceremony, and bore

after his fancy had begun to wander, she bore with him for years in the hope of again retrieving his full devotion.

At the time of their marriage, June 30, 1853, Dr. Patterson was practising in Franklin, N. H., and there he took his bride. Whether or not Dr. Patterson had promised to restore his wife's son to her, as she afterward said, it was not done. The genial and easy going temperament of the man would hardly seem to be one to harshly deny his wife the presence of her child, and although this denial was attributed to him, we cannot quite agree with Mrs. Eddy to lay the blame for that separation upon her successive relatives.

Mrs. Patterson's health, temporarily restored, did not improve during their stay at Franklin, which lasted for three years, and her invalidism soon became a chronic state. Her nervousness returned and her "cradle," which had been left at her sister's, was sent for. Now Dr. Patterson, instead of Mark Baker, John Varney, and small boy anxious to earn a little pocket money rocked the nervous invalid to sleep.

Dr. Patterson's practice was not con-

fined to Franklin, but took him about to various isolated villages where no resident dentist was practising.

At the end of three years in Franklin, they moved to North Groton, where the Cheneys were then living. Whether this move was made for the purpose of being near young George, or whether it was a move for professional reasons, we do not know. The motives at this point are so confused that no theory concerning Mrs. Patterson's attitude toward her son seems to be completely borne out by the facts.

In her autobiography, Mrs. Eddy says:

"A plot was consummated for keeping us apart. The family to whose care he was committed very soon removed to what was then regarded as the Far West.

"After his removal a letter was read to my little son, informing him that his mother was dead and buried. Without my knowledge a guardian was appointed him, and I was then informed that my son was lost. Every means within my power was employed to find him, but without success. We never met again until he had reached the age of thirty-four, had a wife and two children, and by a strange providence had learned that his mother still lived, and came to see me in Massachusetts.

"Meanwhile he had served as a volunteer throughout the war for the Union, and at its expiration was appointed United States Marshal of the Territory of Dakota."

It is at this point that she breaks off her reference to her son to follow immediately with: "It is well to know, dear reader, that our material mortal history is but the record of dreams, not of man's real existence," etc.

The Cheneys did go west, to Minnesota, taking George Glover with them the year after the Pattersons had come to Groton. But before that time, Mrs. Patterson did see her son, he did have access to her house, how freely, or under what prohibition, we do not know. And letters passed between the Cheneys and Mrs. Patterson after their removal to the West which gave the mother news of her son.

It has been claimed that George Glover never learned to read or write; but there is the statement of a former North Groton boyhood chum of George Glover's to the effect that he was at the Patterson home when Mrs. Pat-

son read to him a letter from her son, saying that he had joined the army, and that, "she seemed as well pleased, and as proud as any mother with a boy in the army."

The Pattersons continued to live in North Groton for three years after George had gone West with the Cheneys. It was a remote village in the White Mountains, accessible only



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THE ALEXANDER TILTON FAMILY
With whom Mrs. Glover lived from 1844 to 1853

by stage. Beautiful enough to visit in summer time, it became a desolate and lonely spot in the long cold winters, cut off as it was from the outer world by the deep and lasting snows. The telegraph was not in use in those days. And some idea of the primitive conditions of domestic life may be had from the fact that kerosene lamps had just then begun to replace tallow as a means of illumination.

The houses were scattered and far apart. The Pattersons lived off the main road in a small farmhouse which faced a deep wood. The mountains rose steeply at one side and behind the house ran a swift mountain brook. Here, with an occasional hired girl, and later, the blind girl whom she "took into her home," to bear her company when the doctor was away practising his profession in other towns, Mary Patterson lived from 1856 until some time in the year 1860. It is no wonder that the ambitious and prideful Mary fell during these years of isolation into a still sadder state of illness,

depression and hysteria; no wonder that the meagerness, harshness and loneliness of this life produced in her a bitterness that bred the stories prevalent among the villagers of her aloofness, pretentiousness, and unreasonable demands upon the attentions of her husband.

Dr. Patterson still with his broad-cloth frock coat, his varnished boots, and his top hat, even in the mountains, retained his zest for life, his geniality, and optimism. He was still the gallant, attractive to the fair sex, and apparently not indifferent himself to their charms. Yet he seems to have devoted himself to his invalid wife with the utmost tenderness. And the situation was none too easy for him. He was far from provident and far from prosperous. There were periods when his wife's illness prevented his leaving her, and during these periods he attempted to augment his income by running a small sawmill which worked by water power from the deep brook near the house. He covered the bridge across the stream with sawdust to deaden the sound which added to the irritation of his wife's nerves. But it was hard going for the Pattersons; the house and mill were mortgaged, and at last the mortgage was foreclosed and the Pattersons left North Groton, going from there to Rumney, the next

village. In Rumney the Pattersons lived in a boarding house kept by Mrs. John Herbert at Rumney Station, and later in a house to themselves, at Rumney village, a mile from the station. In the boarding house, the robust doctor and his invalid wife must have caused quite a little stir. Mrs. Patterson's health was such that her husband carried her in his arms downstairs to meals and then carried her up again afterward.

To understand what it meant to be an invalid in those days, it is necessary to realize something of the condition of therapeutics prevalent at that time. The medical profession was not subject to the strict regulation of today. It could hardly be said from our present point of view to have been regulated at all. Dr. Patterson the dentist, for example, "practised a little homeopathy on the side." It is possible that he did less harm than many professional practitioners of medicine. Dignified and trustworthy as were the

(Please Turn to Page 435)

➤➤ The Trend of Events ◀◀

➤➤ Bingham's Defense

THE APOLOGIA delivered by Senator Bingham in the Senate on October 28 followed the line laid down by Artemus Ward's editor—"The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug, but our aunt isn't bald-headed and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal." Instead of admitting his error or attempting to explain why he had taken a paid representative of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association into his office and into secret committee meetings, he struck out savagely at the Senate lobby investigating committee, and at Senator Caraway, its chairman.

The committee, he said, had been packed. The committeemen, by indirection, by innuendo, by twisting of flimsy testimony, had attempted to injure him in every way possible. In no sense had they ever been fair. Methods familiar to police courts and criminal lawyers had been employed by this modern Spanish Inquisition, all to the end of besmirching him, penalizing his loyalty to the Administration, and hurrying the tariff bill to the grave. Senator Blaine had actually tried to make him contradict himself, though it

was a matter of current report that this Senator had once used a member of the Capitol police force to drive him back to Wisconsin at Government expense.

The *Congressional Record* does not cap the address with the customary "[Applause]." It does, however, note Senator Blaine's reply that he drove his own car back to Wisconsin. It notes that Senator Walsh of Montana, another member of the committee, read editorials chastising Senator Bingham from Republican papers in all sections of the country. Even Senator Robinson of Indiana, the committee's one regular Republican, condemned "devicious methods of this kind."

"I want to say to the Senator from Connecticut," said Senator Caraway, "that I think we can do little to discredit him, but he can do and has done a very great deal to discredit himself." It is a fair statement. Mr. Bingham has only himself to blame for the resolution of censure adopted by the Senate.

➤➤ Tariff Changes

INTEREST IN THE TARIFF has lately centered less on the Senate bill than on the Senate committee which has been investigating tariff lobbyists. This is not surprising. No tariff bill can compete with the lamentations of Joseph R. Grundy over the fact that each State has two Senators and that "backward" States in the West and South can influence the fortunes of his own Pennsylvania. Mr. Grundy would let "backwoods Commonwealths" say their say on "Junior Red Cross work and outdoor relief," but thinks that, when it comes to the material interests of, say, Pennsylvania, the people of, say, Idaho "ought to talk darned small."

Amid the sound of laughter over his testimony, a situation that had been slowly developing in the Senate reached a climax. A group of Senators told the President that the tariff bill would die. Its status had changed since mid-Summer. Then it was the regular Republicans who were eager that the bill be passed. Gradually it became plain that the measure would not be passed as the Senate Finance Committee had written it. Democrats and Western Republicans, forming a coalition, deprived the President of power to revise rates at the recommen-

dation of the Tariff Commission, then resuscitated and approved the old export debenture plan, and, finally, launched a bear attack on the schedules.

By this time, Old Guard Senators had lost interest; it was now the Democrats and Progressives who were eager to push the bill through, after they had rewritten it. Arguing that the House would never accept the coalition's product, regular Republicans declared that the bill was dying and that they were rather glad of it.

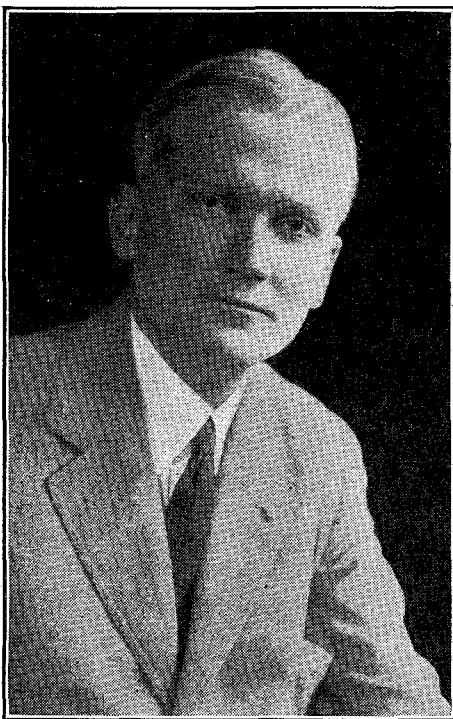
Not so the President. The country's interests, Mr. Hoover said, required that legislation be completed in the special session. Though the Senate had had the bill since June, without completing the first of its fifteen schedules, he suggested—ironically, perhaps—that the measure be passed within two weeks. He declined to express any opinion on rates, arguing that he lacked the necessary information, and thereby raising the question of how he will know whether to sign or veto the bill when it reaches him.

If there is to be a tariff measure, it will obviously represent a long series of compromises between the Senate groups and between the Senate and the House. The product may resemble none of the bills we have seen thus far.

➤➤ Nationalists Win

"ANTI-YOUNG PLAN BID FAILS," read the headline on a dispatch from Germany, dated October 29. So confident was the press that the Nationalist petition for a referendum on the Young plan and the "war guilt lie" had not received the necessary 4,000,000 signatures. The next day's dispatches, however, revealed that the number of petitioners would total the required ten per cent of the electorate after all, and with a fraction to spare. Therefore, the bill, which proposes to repudiate clauses in the Versailles Treaty fixing war guilt on Germany, to throw out the Young plan, and to jail statesmen who pledge Germany to new reparations payments, now goes to the Reichstag.

There it is expected to receive short shrift. The German Government is annoyed by the entire question and irritated by the prospect of having to pay for a national referendum. Yet such a referendum must be held, pos-



Underwood

NEW ENGLAND'S FAIREST
Hiram Bingham, senior Senator from
Connecticut

sibly next January. If half the electorate should join with the Fascists, Nationalists, and the League of War Veterans in demonstrating that, as one Nationalist newspaper puts it, "in Germany strong forces are alive which refuse to bend their necks under the yoke," the measure could be written into law over the Reichstag's head.

Probably it won't be. It is unthinkable that half the eligible voters could be misled, through the "war guilt lie" shibboleth, to upset Germany's post-war recovery, revive the Dawes plan, call foreign troops back into the Rhineland, and turn the rest of the world against their nation. The surprising thing is that the Nationalists were able to go as far as they have gone already. Their success will make capital for nationalists in other countries.

➤➤ *Tardieu at the Helm*

THE ATTEMPT OF EDOUARD DALADIER to form a Cabinet of Left parties to succeed the Briand Government ended in failure. A similar fate met the efforts of Etienne Clementel to construct a Cabinet of Left-Center inclinations. The third choice for Premier, André Tardieu, succeeded where his two predecessors had not. Though M. Briand terms Tardieu "a man of the Center," the new Cabinet shows a distinct tendency toward the Right.

The fact probably will make little difference in French foreign policies, since Briand will stay as Foreign Minister, as he would have done in the Daladier and Clementel Cabinets, and his liberal policies will doubtless prevail. If a somewhat more nationalistic vein appears in the French attitude toward Germany, if occasion is found for biting reference to the success of the German Nationalist petition, no great change is expected in Franco-German relations. What France apparently desires is a Cabinet which will continue the financial policies of Poincaré and the foreign policies of Briand with regard to evacuation of the Rhineland, the still unratified Young plan, and the forthcoming naval parity. Its desires should be met in the Tardieu Cabinet, which in effect is the Poincaré Ministry all over again, and with Briand in his usual post.

Americans may find many points of similarity between Tardieu and Poincaré, though the former lacks the latter's strictly legalistic mind and his astonishing memory. Like Poincaré,



Wide World

TRIAL BY TALKIES

Philadelphia police making movies and movietones for court purposes

Tardieu is primarily a nationalist. Like Poincaré, he is well informed in foreign affairs; he was Clemenceau's lieutenant at the Peace Conference, and is the author of a book, *The Truth About the Peace Treaty*. He has lectured at Harvard and has written editorials on foreign affairs for *Le Temps*. A member of the French war mission to the United States, he speaks flawless English and understands America thoroughly. He is vigorous and, though of smiling presence, he can be stern, as French Communists discovered to their cost while he was Minister of the Interior. Seeking a phrase to describe his abounding zest, his friends call him "Tardieu the American," partly, it may be, because, like no other French Premier in history, he likes to play golf.

➤➤ *Talkies in Court*

THE TALKIES DOMINATE the field of entertainment. With the first link forged for William Fox's proposed chain of news-reel theatres, they encroach upon the fields of journalism and education. Now where? Into the department of justice.

In the Philadelphia City Hall an alleged murderer, questioned by the police, confessed his crime in the face of full camera and sound apparatus. Not only his words, but his appear-

ance, gestures, and intonation could be used against him. It is thought that sound films, used in this way, will be more helpful than rogues' gallery portraits in identification. It is also said that they may be shown to juries to authenticate confessions and disprove charges of "third degree."

In the identification of prisoners such films should indeed be valuable. Faces vary according to the health, age, and circumstances of the person photographed; voices, mannerisms, and ways of walking very much less. The value of talkies in disproving third-degree charges, however, is less apparent, so long as cameras and microphones are able to be turned on and off at will. Seeing and hearing a prisoner confess indicate nothing of the events leading up to the confession; if the police consider it necessary to use force, obviously they will do so out of range of the cinema eye and ear. Introducing talkies into jury trials, then, while it might enliven court-rooms and uncover new talent for Mr. Fox, the Warner Brothers, et al, could hardly convince a level-headed jury that a confession was entirely voluntary and therefore valid.

➤➤ *Enter Karolyis*

ISSUING VISAS TO COUNT AND COUNTESS Karolyi, the State Department chose



Underwood

ADMISSIBLE

*Ban against Count and Countess Karolyi
lifted by State Department*

Hallowe'en week to banish a bogey that had hovered around its corridors during the tenancy of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Kellogg. About five years ago the Countess fell ill while visiting friends in the United States and the Count was allowed to join her, though not before the State Department had extracted his pledge to refrain from activities and speeches of a political nature. The Count kept to his bond, but exploded in a radio address delivered in Canada. When the Count and Countess again applied for visas, the State Department waved them away. Pressed for reasons, it lapsed into dignified silence. The Count and Countess soon abandoned their attempt to secure visas through a writ of mandamus from the District of Columbia Supreme Court. The incident was dropped.

It is now taken up again and given a more logical ending. Certainly it would have been strange if the United States had excluded the Socialist Karolyi or prevented him from speaking just after it received the Socialist MacDonald and insisted that he speak as often as possible. While it has been charged that Count Karolyi is a menace to American institutions, the suspicion persists that they will outlast his stay. They might even have done so in the era of Hughes and Kellogg. During the World War Count Karolyi sided with the Allies and the United

States against the Dual Monarchy. Later he attempted to set up a republican form of Government in Hungary, as Kerensky had done in Russia, but was deposed by Bela Kun and the Bolsheviks. When that régime capitulated to Admiral Horthy's White Army, the Count went into exile. This, briefly, is the record of the man whose name has given many a good American patriot the shivers.

In a recent speech at Harvard, Under Secretary of State Cotton declared: "Freedom of thought and speech—not only for those we love, but, as one of our dissenting judges has said, for those we hate—freedom of thought and speech has taken on a new importance and needs a new vitality in this modern world." The admission of Ernst Toller and the Karolyis, together with the issuing of a passport to Dorothy Detzer, indicates that this freedom may have taken on a new importance and vitality in the Department of State.

▷▷See "Bulletin 23"

ON THE THIRTIETH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1929, Major General William Ruthven Smith, Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, and Rear Admiral Samuel Shelburne Robison, Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, knitted their brows for two hours in General Pershing's office at the War Department. They met to discuss under what conditions West Point might play a game of mumbly-peg—beg pardon, a game of football—with Annapolis.

Navy believes that three years of varsity football, in or out of the two service schools, should be the limit; West Point that Cadets should be allowed to play regardless of their previous records, if they are not first-year men and if they can make the team. Seeking a compromise, Admiral Robison first suggested that the three-year rule be adopted at West Point, then that the four-year rule be adopted, and finally that two games be played under Army rules and two under Navy rules. No use. General Smith replied that what Admiral Robison was asking for "was not eligibility but parity." Admiral Robison admitted it. In true military fashion the General declined to concede parity. "I refuse," he said, "to compromise a principle."

Bravo! applauded Secretary of War James William Good. The Army, he

said, had been guided "by a principle that is of paramount importance, if West Point is to continue to play football. That principle is the recognition of absolute equality between students." Supporting Admiral Robison, Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams, every inch a Brahmin, quietly reviewed the negotiations and icily noted that General Smith had rejected all offers of compromise. The deadlock revived suggestions that the question be settled by Congress or President Hoover.

Seven days earlier the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching had issued "Bulletin 23," a report proving that our higher educational institutions have lost all sense of proportion on the subject of football. Who will send copies of the Bulletin to General Smith, Admiral Robison, Secretary of War Good, and Secretary of the Navy Adams?

▷▷Labor Looks to Home

RETURNING TO BRITAIN, Premier MacDonald was greeted by cheers from the public and questions from the newly assembled Parliament. The cheers were for successfully inaugurated foreign policies. The questions concerned domestic policies still unformed. They were asked not merely by Conservatives eager to embarrass a popular Government, or by Liberals seeking to enhance their importance, but by Laborites as well—Clydesiders oppressed with the worries of their industrial constituencies, Utopians hoping to achieve "Socialism in our time."



United

COUNTESS KAROLYI

Answers may not be easy. Premier MacDonald may find unemployment harder to reduce than naval armaments. Chancellor Snowden may discover that winning concessions from other Governments is easier than collecting new revenues from the British taxpayer, who is not to be awed by a well banged fist. Yet, if the Labor Government is to retain its prestige, solutions must be found for these domestic problems and many others. Additional widows' pensions, costing about \$40,000,000 more annually, have been promised. The cure of the long-ailing coal industry has been pledged. Housing for slum dwellers must be improved. The trades union act, passed after the general strike of 1926, is to be modified.

These are matters which Britain will look to Labor to settle, because of campaign promises and because they lie peculiarly in the party's field. Yet Labor would probably be content could it only reduce the number of unemployed, increased by 114,000 since it came to power. In an effort to expand markets, stimulate production, and thus create new jobs, J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal, traveled to Canada and Viscount D'Abernon to the Argentine, both with sample cases and order books. If this method proves too slow, Premier MacDonald may expect to be liberally badgered.

Just now he can afford to be more or less complacent; the other parties are unlikely to challenge Labor at the polls while its present popularity continues. But diplomatic successes butter little bread, and cheers quickly turn to jeers when men are hungry. A minority Government, Labor can make a misstep only at the risk of being tossed out of office. Should that happen, its ambitious foreign policy, including naval reduction, might be thrust aside while another Government busied itself with finding jobs for idle British workmen.

►► Ishbel on America

IN THREE TACTFUL ARTICLES in the *New York Evening Post*, Ishbel MacDonald has written her bread-and-butter letter to the United States. She had a fine time and hopes to see us again soon. She liked Niagara Falls and the New York skyline; she thought American women graceful, charming, and more smartly dressed than English women. She made it clear that deplorable things like slums and misplaced

billboards are present in England also. She was interested in hot dogs, skyscrapers, newspaper interviews, American home life, and the subway. She believes that beneath the flapper's scantily-clad exterior there beats the golden heart of a social service worker. An angel could say no more.

The daughter of a Premier whose own job may depend on the jobs he produces for working men, she could hardly exult over the American woman's financial emancipation. A similar proportion of English women



Wide World

"ALMOST HUMAN"

The gorilla is one of the apes to be studied by university psychologists

working for salaries they did not absolutely need would make Britain's unemployment problem almost helpless. Miss MacDonald therefore earnestly hymns the joys of home-making, study, social work, and other unremunerative careers for women—a refrain which may fatigue many comfortable women wage-earners in America. She declares, too, that on the faces of the women lining our city streets she saw a yearning after world peace. It's nice of her to say so, anyway, even though they may have been yearning chiefly for another bargain sale across the way.

Four questions have arisen in Miss MacDonald's mind. They are: What is the atmosphere of an American home? How do parents and children get on? What attitude has a boy on the fifth floor of an apartment building toward his small sister lying in her crib by the

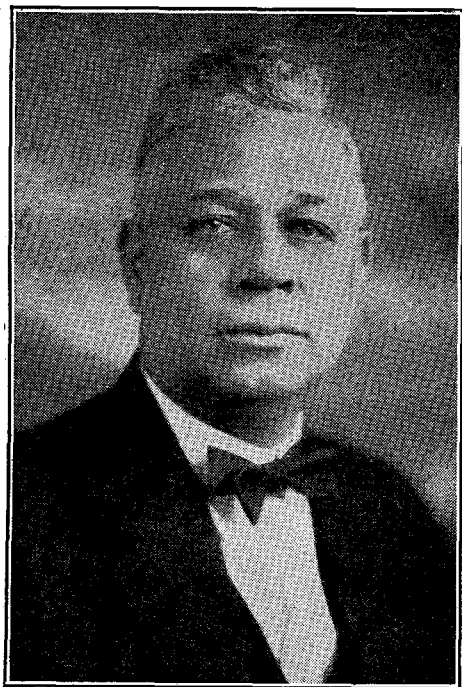
window? How much is the care of these children left to nursemaids? The questions are easily answered. No. 1—about as variable as the atmosphere of an English home. No. 2—as well as parents and children anywhere. No. 3—the attitude of any boy toward his small sister. No. 4—as much as parents can afford to leave it.

►► Man's Poor Relations

APES, MAN'S FIRST COUSINS, are to be studied by Yale in a 200-acre laboratory station situated for climatic reasons in Florida. In all the world there are hardly a half dozen places where anthropoids are studied scientifically by psychologists. Already famous are the researches of Professor Robert M. Yerkes of the Department of Psychology at Yale, who will direct the Florida station, the more technical ones such as "The Mind of a Gorilla" having been published in special journals and others popularized in such books as *Almost Human* and *Chimpanzee Intelligence* by Yerkes and Learned. The new Florida station will permit Dr. Yerkes to expand the work already accomplished in Florida.

At Johns Hopkins a colony of monkeys is used in scientific research, mainly biological, however, rather than psychological. At the Pasteur Institute in Paris a glass building of large proportions houses anthropoids for various investigations and the same famous center of research maintains a branch at Kindia in Western Africa where apes are kept under more natural conditions. But these are likewise chiefly of biological interest. In Russia Miss Kohts has made remarkable observations on apes kept purely for psychological purposes, while the wartime researches of the German Köhler of Gestalt psychology fame have provided much of the foundation upon which other ape studies have been built.

The four anthropoids or the simiidae—gorillas, chimpanzees, orangs and gibbons, in order of their nearness to man—are truly "almost human." Yerkes and Learned find that some of them have a language or something like a language—they invariably express common emotions by the same sounds and inflections. They think and reason out problems as humans do. Given the same circumstances, chiefly adversity, apes would in time evolve into a parallel to man. Their anatomical parallelism to man was established decades ago. Science



Keystone

CONTRACTOR-CONGRESSMAN

Oscar De Priest, Representative from Illinois

is only just realizing the fullness of their mental parallelism.

►►Cynosure

BORN OF SLAVE PARENTS, now a wealthy contractor and Congressman from Illinois, Oscar W. De Priest ought to be happy. He isn't. He won't be until he and Mrs. De Priest are accorded every right due a member of Congress and his wife. His wife must go where other wives go. He himself goes where other Congressmen go, and dares any one, including sputtering members from the South, to stop him.

Denying that he seeks social equality for himself or his race, he nevertheless demands all that pertains to the rank of Congressman. He is rather belligerent about it. He sprawls in the Chamber with his arms across adjoining chair-backs. At noon he leads his guests to a central table in the Congressional dining-room. He publicly congratulated himself on the fact that Mrs. De Priest had "made many fine contacts," when Washington was still whispering about her presence at that White House tea which became a live issue in the Virginia campaign and throughout the South.

There will be no white-versus-black legislation with him, he says. He does, however, insist that a Negro obtain a commission at West Point. Should his present appointee drop out, he will name a "bigger and blacker" successor. He

hopes to make Negroes conscious of their political power, and urges them to vote themselves into their constitutional rights. His counsel depends on his audience. He decried vote-selling to five thousand Negroes at Lexington, Kentucky. To Harlem Negroes his message was, "If white candidates come nosing around your district trying to spend money for votes, take their money and beat them, too."

He was born in Alabama in 1871. A lynching in the neighborhood induced his parents to set out for Salina, Kansas, where he attended grade school and business college and learned the trade of painting and decorating. Landing in Chicago, he shrewdly joined the nearest Republican district club. His power burgeoned as Negroes became dominant in the Third Ward and his contracting business boomed. Chicago's first Negro Alderman, he has been a member of the Cook County Commission and of the Illinois Commerce Commission, and has gone as a delegate to Republican national conventions. Mayor Thompson and the late Representative Madden found him both dependable and influential.

Reports of redistricting that might eliminate him leave him undisturbed. "If I am not sent back to Congress," he explains, "some other black man will be, and they might as well get used to it. We won't bite and the color won't rub off."

A professional politician, he has all the zest of an amateur. His evenings in Chicago are spent at the Third Ward clubhouse. In Washington, politics is never far from his mind when he attends church socials and community meetings, or arranges Christmas celebrations, strawberry festivals, or collections for the poor. Successful, portly, white-haired, he wields large influence among his people, and knows it. "The eyes of the Negroes of the world are upon me," he has said. "I occupy a serious position in America."

►►Prohibition to Date

ONTARIO KNOWS what its people think of prohibition. So does Nova Scotia. The Conservative landslide in the recent Ontario election is generally attributed to that party's stand for the Government control system which has been in effect three years. In Nova Scotia a plebiscite gave advocates of Government control a clean-cut victory. Canada is now eight-ninths wet. Prince Edward Island, smallest of the nine

provinces and the first to go dry, is the only one to stay dry.

Unhampered by an Eighteenth Amendment, the Canadian provinces have been free to act according to changing public sentiment on prohibition. The United States is not free, nor does it even know what public sentiment is. Representative Schafer of Wisconsin therefore proposes that census enumerators, making their rounds in 1930, poll the American people on modification. It is an excellent suggestion. Furthermore, it surmounts fears that a referendum would be unconstitutional. It would, of course, be necessary to phrase the questions carefully and to prevent tampering with the returns. Properly supervised, such a poll would be valuable, and should be hailed by honest wets and honest dries alike. If this is really a dry country, as has so often been said, let's discover how dry; if wet, how wet.

Then at least we shall know what we are talking about.

Meanwhile, prohibition does business in the same old way at the same old stand. Senator Sheppard, speaking over a Nation-wide radio hook-up, declared that "logic and justice" demand that the buyer be made as guilty as the seller. The arrest of "the Man with the Green Hat," said to bootleg for the Senate office building, moved Senator Blease to remark: "Why don't they go out now and get the bootlegger who sells whisky under the dome of the Capitol and the one in the House office build-



Underwood

AFTER MABEL

G. Aaron Youngquist succeeds Mrs. Wilbrandt in Department of Justice

ing, and not play favorites?" The opposition of Senator Bingham and of J. Henry Roraback, Republican boss of Connecticut, proved too much for Hugh Alcorn, Mr. Hoover's first choice for Assistant Attorney General in charge of prohibition enforcement. The post goes to G. Aaron Youngquist, Attorney General of Minnesota. Mr. Alcorn, however, always has the privilege of reading Mr. Hoover's recent statement that responsibility for appointments rests on the President, not on any political organization, and that "that responsibility is one of the most sacred which he [the President] assumes upon his oath of office."

▶▶ World Bank Snubbed

ONE REASON why the bankers at Baden-Baden chewed their pencils as they attempted to work out the details of the Bank for International Settlements may be found in the haughty attitude of the United States. When the World Bank was first proposed, in the Young plan, the Administration declared that the Federal Reserve system would have nothing to do with it. The American delegates to the conference at Baden-Baden went without official blessing. To top all, in the midst of their labors the United States opened conversations with Germany aimed at treaty arrangements for German payments to America.

These payments cover the cost of the armies of occupation along the Rhine following the Armistice. Fixed at \$24,000,000 a year by the Dawes plan, they were sliced to figures varying from half to three-quarters of that sum as America's contribution to agreement on the Young plan in Paris last Spring, though the term of payment was extended from twenty to fifty-seven years. The Young plan intended these payments to be made through the World Bank, the institution through which Germany is to pay the claims of its other creditors.

The Administration evidently has decided otherwise. If the treaty is adopted, Germany's other creditors will line up at a teller's window, but the United States will be paid directly.

It is explained that the Senate will be quicker to indorse a separate treaty, which alters America's claims on Germany, than it would be to indorse the Young plan, which also alters them. There is point in the somewhat bewildered comment of the other powers that

if they all followed the American example the Young plan would be gravely impaired, but Washington does not seem to feel it. The fiction that the United States is unconcerned with reparations and has nothing to do with their payment is apparently to be maintained. This despite the facts that an American headed the committee which proposed



Remarkable Remarks

The success of the Republican Party rests upon good government, not on patronage. — PRESIDENT HOOVER.

I would rather be right than regular. — SENATOR GEORGE W. NORRIS.

I wish there were a hundred Eyansons.—JOSEPH R. GRUNDY.

Regardless of regrettable speculative uncertainty, the industrial and commercial structure of the nation is sound.—DR. JULIUS KLEIN.

The whole 120,000,000 of us are more dependent on the cackling of a hen than if the Stock Exchange were turned into a night club.—WILL ROGERS.

I suppose some men and women were literally wiped out. Yet, I wonder, how many of these persons stopped to think, even with that hard blow, how many things they should be thankful for.—REV. DR. F. E. OBERLANDER.

Our guess is that a good many of us regret that Bishop Cannon was kidded.... out of the stock market.—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

Man's love of home reaches its highest development in the American husband—a home in which his own comfort is incidental, and which is primarily developed as a setting for his wife and children.—DOLORES DEL RIO.

Americans are a barbarous people and are returning to red Indian life you treat your women like squaws and you are going back to feathers.—BERNARD SHAW.



the bank, that two Americans are on the committee which has worked out its charter, and that an American may be its President. Europeans may be pardoned for concluding that the World Bank, like the World Court and the League of Nations, is simply another international agency fathered by American statesmanship and disowned by an American Government.

▶▶ Guggenheim Withdraws

DANIEL GUGGENHEIM, for the past three years the angel of American air-consciousness, pays his bill and prepares to withdraw—not in a huff, but simply because, having given the little girl her chance, he has seen her become self-supporting. His bill, by the way, is \$5,000,000.

For the facts that mother, daughter, and grandmother are donning leather helmets, that private airplanes are being not only advertised but purchased, that Americans who can afford it casually travel by plane and complacently anticipate transatlantic air service—for these facts some thanks are due the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics. Entering the field before popular enthusiasm created by the Lindbergh, Chamberlin, and Byrd flights was ready to translate itself into dollars and cents, the Guggenheims, father and son, spent money lavishly to make air transportation safe, popular, readily available, and profitable to private investors.

Progress has exceeded their expectations. In two months, after the close of the safe aircraft competition at Mitchel Field, the fund will come to an end.

It ends with a flourish. Endowments which have been conferred on aeronautical schools and societies in the United States and abroad, will, of course, continue to draw interest. An aeronautical engineering school is to be established in the South, as well as an Airship Institute in Akron, Ohio. A \$140,000 fund will provide for a complete aeronautical library at the Library of Congress. From the Fund's laboratory there have recently come answers to many pressing questions—for example, the question of how to fly and land safely in fog.

Faithful in the large things, the fund has not overlooked the small. It has fostered studies of air-sickness and is happy to report that habitual sufferers from *mal de mer* may soon hop off without a qualm. Only five per cent of air-transport passengers today suffer from air-sickness, the Fund's bulletin reveals—some because they are nervous, others because they are just plain sick. As public confidence in aeronautical safety grows, nervousness will decrease. As to ordinary air-sickness, its chief causes are poor ventilation and pilots unskilful in avoiding bumps. These causes can easily be remedied.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FIND that the Hoover Administration has not escaped criticism for its errors of omission and commission in connection with the stock market crash that caused such tremendous losses among smaller investors throughout the country. Rightly or wrongly, conservative financiers and politicians, we learn, think the President's statement on the general soundness of industry at a time when Wall Street was in a frenzy to have been an indiscreet utterance. We do not presume to suggest that it added to the severity of the slump; we simply report the existence of a widespread feeling that Mr. Hoover should have kept silent or taken an altogether different tone in this comment. In support of this contention, those who hold it point out that the stormiest wave of selling came on the Monday after the country had had time to digest the presidential announcement.

We confess there seems to be some basis for this belief. Although the press made no mention of it, since it does not attempt to reflect the vocal shadings of presidential utterances, it was significant that Mr. Hoover remarked especially on the fact that there had been no speculation in commodities. This, to him, signified that the basic factors of prosperity had been untouched during Wall Street's black week. But to the marginal investor, frightened by the near-panic of October 24, when a 12,800,000 share day culminated in more than \$5,000,000,000 paper losses, the President's reference to a lack of speculation in bread and butter and bricks may, as a matter of fact, have meant that unprecedented trading in motors and oils and industries was nothing less than stock market gambling.

Whatever may have been the hinterland reaction, the fact which we so frequently hear mentioned in the daily press in bitter tones is that the illogical dumping of stocks came after Mr. Hoover's ambiguous attempt to convince the nation that all was well. Though we find no evidence that the little fellows place any blame for their plight upon the Presi-

dent, we understand that certain financial interests and their political spokesmen look rather dubiously upon his well-intentioned intervention in their affairs.

We doubt if their attitude bothers the President, however. We understand that he did not enjoy the spectacle of frenzied trading which coincided with his inauguration, since he felt it an unhealthy condition on the eve of an Administration in which great expansion and expenditures were contemplated.



Marcus in N. Y. Times

Strange bedfellows

Moreover, we recall that Mr. Hoover obtained his nomination in the face of Wall Street's opposition, and it would be only natural for an engineer-President to assume an unsympathetic attitude toward activities which, in his opinion, threatened his own success. Nevertheless, we fear the recent events in the stock market may cast a shadow over his first few years, if not over his whole Administration.

The Wall Street debacle, to our way of thinking, only aggravates the conflict of interests which first showed itself in the efforts of Charles D. Hilles, New York National Committeeman and gentleman of wealth, to prevent Mr. Hoover's nomination. It has, together with the President's refusal to sponsor a tariff bill satis-

factory to agriculture, solidified western sentiment behind the Senate Progressives who have fought the Administration almost since noon of March 4. It has left the President with hardly a friend among Senate conservatives, who always agree with Wall Street. We thought it significant that no regular Republican Senator of the type of Smoot, Reed, Edge or Phipps—financial experts all—arose to aid the ineffectual Senator Robinson of Indiana when he defended Coolidge, Hoover and Mellon against charges that they had helped to stage the orgy of speculation and its denouement.

Most serious of all, to our mind, Mr. Hoover's course before and during the crash revealed the outstanding weakness of his Administration so far—its timidity in the face of perplexing problems. Despite the autonomy of the Federal Reserve Board, there is no doubt the President could have influenced that body had he cared to try. Through Secretary Mellon, who did dominate the Board's attitude toward credit and speculation, the President could have induced it to pursue a firmer and more aggressive policy against inflation. Mr. Hoover's word, as we discover every so often, is still a talisman with the people, and a warning from him during the period when everybody was plunging so heavily might have had a salutary effect. The President's reticence was contagious in his Cabinet. We have, previously, shown how Secretary Mellon stepped aside and

permitted the speculative wave to sweep himself and the Federal Reserve Board before it. Likewise, Attorney General Mitchell withheld any statement of the government's policy toward the mergers and investment trusts which have been piling up for the last twelvemonth, thereby contributing to the boom psychology. It was, to our mind, characteristic of Mr. Mitchell, who is otherwise an excellent man and able public servant, that he did not boldly declare the government's noncommittal attitude toward the newer type of trust until almost a week after the stock market break. Nowhere, we find, was there a word in time, and we do not wonder at the feeling that some of the responsibility rests at the door of the Treasury and White House.

A. F. C.

Union and Liberty in the Churches

An Editorial by Harry Emerson Fosdick

ONE hesitates to strike a discordant note in the rising chorus of desire for church union among Protestants, but the truth must be spoken sooner or later, and it might better come too soon than too late. The difficulty which the group represented by this editorial finds in current anticipations of church union does not spring either from complacency with present divisions or from apathy toward the prospect of union itself.

The sectarianism of Protestant churches is lamentable on practical grounds. There are many American communities over-churched and at the same time under-supplied with ordinary Christian ministries. When one thinks what could be done in them by the application of common sense, available technique, and decent goodwill, any one who cares about American community life is distressed at the present situation. In any given neighborhood one of the churches could be made into a beautiful and worshipful sanctuary. Another could be made into a community house in which the play-life of young people could be centered, and the natural expressional activities of both young and old—festivals, drama, music, and whatnot—could have encouragement and guidance. Instead of having several under-paid preachers, each exhausting his energy in writing sermons and trying to raise his salary, there could be a staff of ministers, each with his specialty, making the spiritual life of the community a seven-day-a-week affair affecting every area of the community's finer interests. All this is possible. The technique is available. The money to do it with is being wasted in sectarian enterprises. Only human stupidity keeps it from being done.

Moreover, present sectarianism is a religious scandal. The points of difference between the denominations have no pertinence to any important question in modern life. The sects that insist on them are specializing in irrelevancies. They present the spectacle of belated football players earnestly continuing a fight after the ball has been carried far beyond them down the field. The quantity of water used in baptism, the query whether the prophet who is inspiring spiritual life ever had the tactual unction of a Bishop's fingers on him, insistence on the repetition of ancient creeds in spite of the fact that intelligent ministers recite them with their Broca convolutions while with the rest of their brains they interpret them away—what valid connection have such things with the religious life of an American community or with the contribution which Jesus Christ could make to it?

There is no question, therefore, in the group for which this editorial speaks, about the shame of sectarianism and the desirability of union, but there is a very grave question as to whether we are headed toward a kind of union that it will be possible for liberal Christians to embrace.

On only one platform can we enter into a united Protestant church, much as we want it—liberty. By liberty we

mean that individuals, both ministers and laymen, shall have their freedom to think out their theology, ecclesiology, and ritual preferences, as they please. No standardization of opinion or regimentation of action can be allowed to force unanimity and uniformity. We cannot assent to an authoritative episcopal government with control over local congregations. We cannot assent to coercive recitation of or subscription to formal creeds. We cannot acknowledge the need of special ordination by a bishop, supposing himself to be in the succession of the Apostles. The united church, if it is to include us, must allow variety in unity; it must be comprehensive enough to welcome high church Episcopalians and Quakers, without asking either of them to forego or compromise their freedom of thought and action.

Nowhere that I know of is this demand being squarely faced by the eloquent pleaders for church union. The requirement of liberty, even when visualized as in the picture, is far from the center of it. The proposals that issue from Episcopalian ranks in particular commonly presuppose a creedal basis and an episcopal government, so that, while from courtesy non-Episcopal churchmen do not often say so openly, they say in private that the Episcopalians talk about church union most eloquently and blockade it most effectively. This stone I cast the more freely at my Episcopalian brethren because I myself live in a glass house. The two denominations whose characteristic attitudes are most hostile to the achievement of church union are, I think, the Episcopalians and the Baptists, and as between them the historic basis for the Episcopalian difficulty is far more respectable than the ritual idiosyncrasy of the Baptists.

The fact is that few churchmen of any denomination have dared dream Christian union on the basis of liberty, although that is the only basis on which it is likely to be achieved, or to be maintained.

To welcome people into the united church on the ground of personal devotion to Jesus Christ and the spirit which he represents, to make the organizing center of the church not unanimity of opinion nor uniformity of practice, but community of purpose, to allow the fullest freedom of theological thought and religious expression, so that, for example, instead of having Quaker meetings and high Anglican services under separate roofs around the block, we welcome them under the same roof—this is not impossible. It is a sane recognition of the rights of different temperaments within the comprehensive embrace of Christianity. It is an expression of the sound truth that there are many gifts but the same spirit. It presents grave problems, but they are negligible compared with the difficulties involved in current proposals

with their time-worn creedal and ecclesiastical regimentations but thinly disguised.

Church union is so much to be desired that it is worth almost any sacrifice that can be made to gain it. One thing, however, is too valuable to pay out even for Christian union, and that is Christian liberty.

For several years, members of various denominational groups—deploring the general decline in the interest in religion—have urged the union of the Protestant churches as the only preventative of ultimate dissolution. But is such union feasible? In this editorial Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Modernist pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist church in New York, tells why he believes it is not

Whose Game Is It?

By JOHN R. TUNIS

THE HISTORY of inter-collegiate football in the United States may almost be said to be the history of the American football coach. Look back thirty years or more in the game and you discover that the coach at that period was far more than a mere instructor, he was in some colleges, even in many reputable ones, not above filling in on the line or the backfield whenever the game looked to be close. His rival coach may have known about the remarkable player at left tackle; but rarely said anything. He was playing himself.

Mr. Robert Harron of the New York *Evening Post* in an illuminating article on the football coach, tells how Glenn Warner, Georgia's first coach, trained his team in 1895. His boys were up at six for a five mile jaunt on the road. In the afternoon he would drive them through three long hours of hard practise, and at 9:30 send them to bed, locking them in and keeping the keys until he let them out at 6 the next morning.

The college athlete today would not stand for that sort of thing and no one knows it better than the coach. But his position and importance have by no means lessened with the years; as the game became more complicated his authority increased. With it his salary. Today he is more in the front of the football picture than he ever was; a coach, teacher, director of gridiron campaigns, a respected and imposing figure about the campus, and a power upon the Football Rules Committee which makes, un-makes, and remakes football every year. In short a personage to be reckoned with in the sport. So powerful is he that from all sides and among persons of varied tastes and opinions on athletics the belief is growing that the football coach is more important today than the game.

Thus old players like Mr. Vance McCormick, captain of the Yale eleven of 1892, suggests that "the modern football game is more of a contest of wits of the coaches than a contest of players

Football, says the recently published survey of college athletics by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, "has been transformed from a game played by boys into a profitable professional enterprise." The status of the coach has undergone a similar transformation. Is the game, in sum, Princeton against Cornell or "Bill Roper's outfit against Gil Dobie's team?" Mr. Tunis has added an important chapter to the report of the Foundation

and captains. Too much stress is placed upon the coach and not enough upon the captain." Well balanced sports writers like Mr. W. O. McGeehan concur in this belief. "More and more," states Mr. McGeehan, "this game which should be the property of the undergraduates shows signs of becoming a coach-ridden game." An editorial in the New York *World* puts it bluntly: "Football is now a contest between coaches, and over a period of years the team which has the best coach will win the most games." While a writer in the Monterey, California, *Herald* declares that football today is "a test of wits between professional, well paid coaches

more than a sport between men."

Let's have a look at the modern football coach in the United States. What kind of a chap is he? A well meaning but deluded priest in the service of the Great God Football? A hard-boiled, rough-tongued gentleman with an eye to the main chance and little more interest

in the particular establishment he happens to be working for than a clerk in a chain store grocery? Or is he perhaps a sincere idealist, giving up time and energy for which he is never adequately paid to advance the cause of real sport and the game he devotedly loves? Well, he is probably all of these. There are more than six hundred colleges in the country which hire football coaches, besides ten times that number of high schools, military academies and secondary schools that have part time coaching. At once you will appreciate the difficulty of picking out one type as representing all the football coaches in the country.

But among the coaches of the leading colleges two types predominate. For lack of a better name let us classify them as the older and the younger school. The former, alas, is in the majority. They still see football in terms of 1910, they still believe in the divine right of coaches, they are puzzled and annoyed (and also a little shocked) by the anarchistic and bolshevistic doctrines regarding the sport which are in the air today. They will still be wondering what it is all about when some youth comes along and grabs their job away!

In aspect and attitude the older football coach is not unlike the manager of a big league professional baseball team. He is a politician from start to finish, indeed he often has to be to hold his position. He is a slave driver when necessary and a kind and sympathetic friend when the need arises, he considers the cultural side of university life as something to be endured and regards himself as divorced from any contact therefrom. His main duty



Underwood

Chick Meehan of N. Y. University

he conceives to be to make money while he is physically able and the luck is swinging his way, knowing that as soon as his team begins to lose he will be looking for a new job. He is never above gathering a few dollars while he may, and despite the calls upon his time has seldom refused a chance to endorse a new belt buckle or (with the aid of the local dailies sport writer) do a syndicated column of football chit-chat for the press. With no sense of humor and no sense of proportion this is the man who can stand up in front of a crowd of American boys before a big game and say:

"I don't want to see any of you smile between now and game time."

And what is more important, get away with it. If football is a coach-ridden game, this man is the reason. He has his finger in every pie, and can be depended upon to furnish constant and determined opposition to any effort to change or simplify the structure of the game. Thus it was his influence upon the Rules Committee that managed to push over for a touchdown the new rule that a fumbled ball is dead where picked up, thus eliminating one of his worst nightmares and making the game just a bit more static than ever. Any attempt at constructive changes will have him on his feet instantly; his force and his influence, by no means negligible, will at once be thrown into battle. Naturally enough, not all the coaches of the old school have the same methods of coaching. Thus you will find at the University of South Virginia, Old Man Mutton Face who is the grim, silent, dogged kind, the mentor who never utters a word between ten a. m. and ten p. m. on the day of a game. Whereas at the University of East Missouri is Big Jim Loosejaw who believes in the exhortational method, who will curse, shriek, coax and threaten the young gentlemen under his charge until they have become assured of the value of football as a character builder in the educational program of the University.

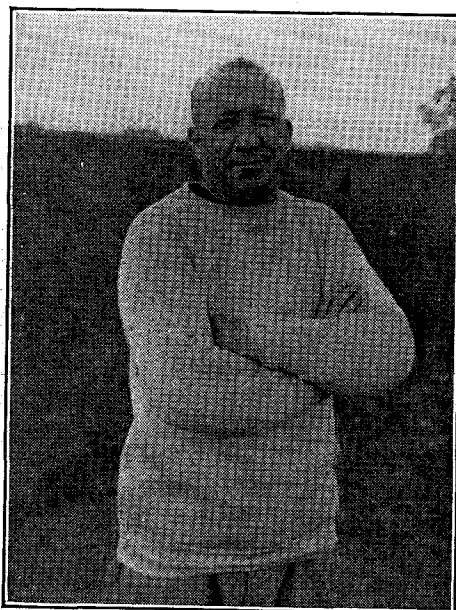
And the end is not yet, as the radio announcers say. These coaches are often petty czars in their little domain; they direct and govern with an iron hand. The result soon being that the team is no longer the eleven of the University of East Missouri or South Virginia; but Old Man Mutton Face's boys against the lads of Big Jim Loosejaw. As Mr. Harron pointed out, it is "Gil Dobie's team and Bill Roper's



Wide World
Coach "Pop" Warner of Stanford University

outfit," not Cornell against Princeton, it is "Cav" against "Chick," not Fordham against New York University.

Now if the older school of coaches, who are, one regrets to report, much in the majority in this country, have as much allegiance to the university to which they are attached as the buyer in a big department store, the younger school is a vastly different type. This young man is usually a football player himself and not at such an ancient date that he cannot remember his own feelings and reactions to certain incidents of modern football. His aim is not primarily to turn out winning football teams but to make the undergraduate treat football for what it is; a game,



Wide World
Knute Rockne of Notre Dame

and enjoy it as such. The idea of players getting fun out of football, the conception that football is played not for the coach nor for the alumni nor for the classmates in the stands nor yet for the enlargement of the Stadium, but for the benefit of the players themselves, would be considered ridiculous by the older school. But it is being done and done successfully by many of the younger school who have come to regard themselves as educators as well as football coaches. Coach Arthur Sampson of Tufts, to name but one, has been a pioneer in this field, and ought by all orthodox rules to lose a majority of his games. Unfortunately for orthodoxy he has been winning most of them for some time.

Several years ago Mr. T. A. D. Jones, one of the older school in years but of the younger school in ideas and vision, suggested that the coaches be made to stay in the stands during a game with no supervision over the play on the field whatsoever. This obviously did not appeal to the rough and ready football coach who controls the situation, and the idea was soon ridiculed to death. But good ideas die hard. Dr. Frederick Rand Rogers, the director of Physical Education for the State of New York, took the idea up practically. Through his efforts and energy the coach was placed in the stands with no power to remove a boy except for physical condition, in a number of high school games throughout the state as far apart as New York and Rochester. Leading football coaches were asked recently their opinion of this move and their telegraphed replies which follow are illuminating and self revealing. Thus Mr. Chick Meehan of New York University plainly admits that football is far more important than the college by declaring:

"It is the bunk. The players want the coach to advise them. Suggest men advertizing this situation in college position allow student control and advice in their department. Give the boys the college and let them run it."

Since in many universities in this country, as the recent report of the Carnegie Foundation showed us, the cultural side of college is merely an adjunct to a winning football team, this is a practical and constructive suggestion. But the coaches seem to disagree among themselves, for while Mr. Meehan plainly admits that the boys need and want the help of older and

(Please Turn to Page 437)

Panics

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page, reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

ALTHOUGH this country has been through many a financial and business "panic" in the past hundred years, it has never found an absolute preventive. That is because each of these crises in economic affairs has sprung from somewhat different causes; the symptoms have been different; the results have never been quite the same. Each major crisis, however, has had some features of similarity with the others, and fundamentally each has been the outgrowth of too much expansion in one direction or another. Our various crises or panics have been sharply enough differentiated to merit each an appellation of its own. The great stock market crisis of October, 1929, may go down into economic history as the Brokers' Panic.

Measured by price declines, the market debacle this time has been by far the most severe ever seen in this country. Losses have been greater and have been borne by a larger number of people than in any previous affair of the kind. Yet the crash has been remarkable and unique in that no brokerage house belonging to the Stock Exchange has failed. In recent years Wall Street has taken it for granted that every really severe break in prices would carry under at least one or two brokerage houses. The speculating public and that portion of the investing public which has placed most of its money in stocks is emerging with greatly diminished balances at the brokerage houses and at the banks, with fewer stocks in strong boxes and with sadly reduced values for the stocks still held. So far the brokers have been the only ones to come through with more money than they had before, except insofar as they were holders of stocks themselves. Fortunately none was heavily enough involved to carry him under.

J. P. Morgan the elder characterized the Rich Man's Panic of 1903 as the result of the inability of the stock market to digest the excessive fare of new securities forced down its throat. Late last summer, when the tide of new security offerings was running at unheard-of heights and when investment trusts were being formed and were offering their stocks to the public at the rate of a billion a month there was a good deal of shaking of heads in Wall

Street. Undoubtedly the ability of investors and speculators to absorb such new offerings was overstrained and the market was ready for that "healthy reaction" which fittingly described the decline from early in September to well past the middle of October. But instead of the early deflation restoring the patient's health it sent it into a panic which called for heroic treatment. Formation of the banking consortium in New York which poured millions into the market to support prices, the willingness, finally, of rich men and powerful financial institutions to buy stocks to hold, and the reassuring analyses of the situation from persons of unquestioned authority and wisdom, and the very violence of the break finally restored confidence.

Even the prophets of a decline admit that they had no idea it would go so far, at least in so short a space of time. The fact seems to be that no one had any idea of how heavily involved in margin trading the whole country and foreign countries as well were. After selling had reached a certain height a vicious circle developed. Brokers had required their clients to maintain large margins of cash to carry stocks. They became panicky and were too prompt in calling for more money when margins began to be impaired. The public didn't want to sell. It felt sure that credit conditions as well as business conditions were sound, and it was quite content to hold its stocks. But it had not enough surplus cash to batten its brokerage accounts. The result was that it was forced to sell stocks and the more stocks were sold the more margin calling was resorted to. In the end the brokers relaxed on their margin requirements, but the damage had been done.

In extenuation of the brokerage house performance, it must be admitted that the brokers themselves were pressed by the banks. As prices dropped the banks reduced the amounts lent on a given amount of collateral. The difference was made good by clients and not by the brokers, and so the selling went on. The

fundamental trouble was that the majority of brokerage houses had insufficient capital to carry so many accounts. They depended too much on the client's money and what they could borrow from the banks. Had the client responded promptly and in full, the decline would not have gone so far. While the broker has reaped a harvest during the tremendous trading of recent days, he probably faces several lean months. It will take a long time for the public to save up enough money to re-enter the stock market on the recent scale.

The Stock Exchange authorities are to be congratulated for their courage in keeping the Exchange open during the crisis. The closing at the end of the month, after stocks had rallied, was due wholly to exhaustion of personnel. In the century or so of its existence the Stock Exchange has shut down only twice because of financial or business conditions. It closed for ten days in the panic of 1873 and in the summer of 1914 it closed for four and a half months.

The post-War depression of 1920-22 brought a deflation in the stock market somewhat comparable to the present one, but it was preceded by great inflation in credit and business, both absent at present. The panic of 1907 seemed to come out of a clear sky, but it had been many years in the making on a foundation of unsound banking practice. No one questions the soundness of the banking position at this time. Nothing has had to be deflated this time but the stock market and brokers' loans. Men have lost paper profits but not their businesses.

Every market crisis or panic has been followed by a more or less severe let down in business. While many persons in high and low places are asserting that business this time is not going to be affected, precedent is against them. In all probability no real depression will develop. The makings of one are absent. But stock market deflation has been world wide and purchasing power of a good many people has been reduced. Much of that purchasing power probably would have continued to be merely potential and have remained in the stock market, but not all. By next spring the business machine may be running at a rapid pace again.

IN *John Brown, the Making of a Martyr*,¹ Robert Penn Warren shows the diligence for research, the desire to reach a general audience, the care for details of background and chronology which have become familiar in the work of many young writers who find biography a stimulating and profitable field of effort. And Mr. Warren's skill in literary expression is far greater than that of the average popular biographer. His style is vivid and clear, though his work is marred by the usual young poet's effort to inject symbolical meanings into trivial facts. With patience, Warren follows the wanderings of John Brown from Connecticut to Ohio and to England, as a trader engaged in different, usually unsuccessful ventures, to abolitionist New England as a propagandist, raising money for anti-slavery schemes, to Kansas, outlawry and murder, and on

to plots and Harper's Ferry and death. With equal patience but less success, he follows the development of the martyr-mind: with less success because John Brown bore not the palms and halo of martyrdom. His character, as portrayed by Warren, was a far from admirable one. Fierce, blind, fanatical and cruel, although he sometimes made a humane gesture, John Brown emerges from these pages as a black-browed madman, armed with the madman's conception of "Letters of Marque from God." The persuasiveness of his speech is not conveyed although speeches are quoted; and the manner in which he won reluctant followers to his violent plans must be guessed at. One knows that his deeds scarcely even hastened an inevitable

day, that his sons, stupid pupils in a school of obsession, died to no purpose. Still John Brown persists as a towering figure. And Robert Penn Warren's book, for all its interest and value, does not get at the heart of that figure. Somehow, by some mysterious process of folk-psychology, the swinging body of John Brown became, not the image for the martyr's shrine, but the words to a tune. Only in some panoramic biography of the mass-Yankee of 1861 could the story be

is a perfect complement to Ford's own War novels, which will endure as the expressions of a mature mind upon a subject which seems rather the province of youth. Ford was a middle-aged man when the War began, a literary personage. His values were not made, nor much altered by the War, so that in a way he speaks for a generation which, sympathetic enough for the ways and thoughts of youth, still has its moments of rebellion against the "pastlessness" of youth's world.

In the form of hint and monologue reply, Ford, playing the rôles of both Gringoire, the poet who lives in a Kentish vegetable garden and remembers, and of the Compiler who takes down and makes explanatory comment, gives his reminiscences, impressions and visions of War years. He is the lover of man, nature and beauty; of England, his motherland, and France, the country of his adoption. His passion, spiced



From "The Ballad of Tangle Street," written and illustrated by Peggy Bacon (Macmillan)

written of John Brown: the Making of a Battle Song.

Aldous Huxley's new book of essays, *Do What You Will*,² contains the brilliant and caustic comment upon contemporary society for which this ruthless satirist's work is prized. It also contains some penetrating analyses of such figures of the past as seem to Huxley to have been particularly contradictory persons. As always, the essays are marked with originality, honesty, satisfying scholarship and terrible wit; and Huxley's prose is always a comfort and delight.

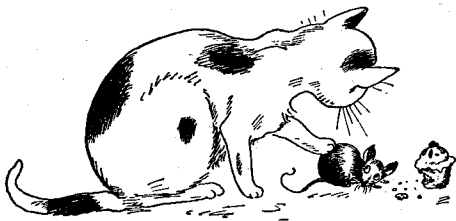
In *No Enemy*,³ Ford Madox Ford has written a book about the War which is quite different from the fine novels which young men "formed or malformed" by it, have given us. It

irony and expressed in brilliant, apt prose, produces fine books. His War books are a great contribution to the literature of the period.

Gertrude Atherton's journey into classical antiquity has carried her now from history back to legend and from Athens to Troy. In *Dido, Queen of Hearts*,⁴ she tells, dramatically and with an astonishing wealth of detail, some of which is grisly, the tragic story of Queen Dido of Carthage. Why she should have given her book its cheap and silly sub-title, we cannot imagine, for her Dido is no soubrette queen of hearts but Virgil's "Infelix Dido." According to legend, it was a princess

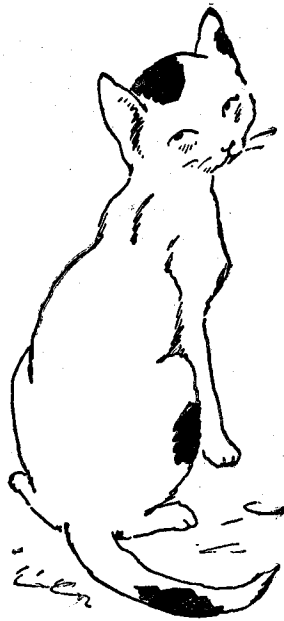
1. Payson and Clarke, \$5.00.
2. Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50
3. Macaulay, \$2.50.
4. Liveright, \$2.50.

of Tyre who, jealous of her brother and after his murder of her high-priest husband, Sychæus, sailed with her followers to found a city on the coast of Africa which should rival Tyre. With her Tyrians, builders and traders rather than warriors, Dido built Carthage, by her wiles protecting herself from her Ethiopian neighbors and establishing business relations with her brother's kingdom. But Æneas came, storm-driven, and Dido forgot the memory of Sychæus, forgot even her city, and lived only for the Trojan half-god, who loved and sailed away: and, deserted, she died with a gesture, despairing and proud, to which Mrs. Atherton gives political significance. With adaptations for the sake of plot development and with the introduction of important Carthaginian characters, the narrative of the book follows the first four books of Virgil, with Æneas's story of the fall of Troy and his subsequent wanderings mercifully compressed into one chapter, which contains some fine transcriptions from Virgil. Mrs. Atherton's version of the Dido legend makes an absorbing story,



a more interesting novel than *The Jealous Gods*. Dido becomes, in her hands, a human as well as a tragic figure. But Mrs. Atherton's Dido would have forgiven Æneas when she met him in the land of shades.

John Erskine, after digging into the past for some years and exposing his finds to a giggling public, has returned to the present in *Sincerity*,⁵ a dull, and tract-like tale of three people who tried to be sincere and succeeded only in being silly. A happy couple is riven in twain by the wife's half-baked feminist article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The article, for no convincing reason, throws the wife to Europe and the man into the arms of her friend. These are logical people and having begun something, must see it through. Both ladies are novelists. The man gets the fate which one might, under such circumstances, have predicted. The wife learns about seduction from a handsome foreigner and returns, after ten years and countless



Decorations from the "Ballad of Tangle Street," written and illustrated by Peggy Bacon

short stories, to exhibit her accomplishments to her husband, now pretty well tired of his noble life with novelist number two (who stopped writing when she got her man). So the sincere three after ten years' experiment are left just where they started, and the reader concludes that sincerity does not pay, that logical conduct is of all things the most illogical and that the world and its inhabitants are happiest when they make comfortable compromises. Mr. Erskine's sharp irony enlivens the novel, and his idea is amusing. But his style is very tedious.

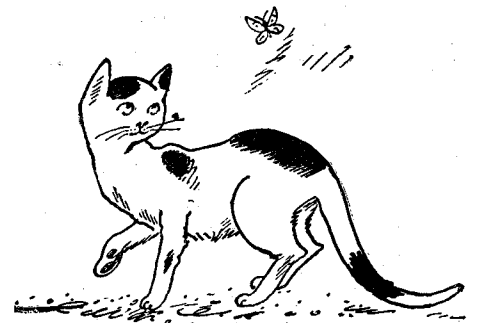
FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

A Labor of Love

IN THE FIRST chapter of *Francis Rabelais, the Man and His Work*,⁶ Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson lay their cards on the table and admit that very little is known of Rabelais's life and that little not of primary significance. They disown any desire to use conjectural material and declare their bold intention to rely entirely on the somewhat meagre facts at their disposal. Their book therefore resolves itself into a scholarly and painstaking analysis of the art of Rabelais, rather than an account of his life, which to be sure is quickly summed up. He was a priest and a doctor of medicine and although he waged a constant intellectual warfare against theologians in general and the Sorbonne especially, a priest of Rome he remained all his life. He

never allied himself to the formal Reformation although revealing his belief that some reforms from within the church were necessary. His joint biographers are emphatic alike in clearing Rabelais's name of charges of indecency—charges made even in his own period of plain speaking—and of the motives of the propagandist. They hold that Rabelais was one of the great artists of all time and dedicated like all artists first of all to the projection of his own imaginative conceptions. If his work is propaganda in any sense it is only as all fine art inevitably comments on the environment in which it has been nurtured. The two authors again and again encourage a wider familiarity with Rabelais through the fine Urquhart and le Motteux translation which they do not hesitate to class with the King James Bible as supreme achievements of the kind. They even go so far as to claim that English readers have an advantage over Rabelais's own countrymen inasmuch as he wrote in a French which was already a little archaic in his own time and now almost unintelligible to Frenchmen, who on the other hand had no translation into modern French, conveying the spirit of the original as perfectly as the Urquhart and le Motteux rendition into English.

Even such conscientious biographers as Mr. Nock and Mr. Wilson might legitimately have allowed themselves a little more latitude in regard to back-



ground and "atmosphere," without resorting to the somewhat questionable methods of the popular psychological biographers. For instance, it is no conjectural matter that the reign of Francis I was a gorgeous period . . . a bit of embroidery, a few patches from the Field of the Cloth of Gold perhaps would have done no more harm to this book than to the Hackett *Henry the Eighth*. Because of omissions which are apparently quite intentional, this

5. Bobbs, Merrill, \$2.50.
6. Harpers, \$5.00.

biography of Rabelais will probably appeal far less to lovers of historical recreations than to serious students of literature already deeply imbued with the enthusiasm for Rabelais which has so evidently motivated the authors. As pure criticism, this competent and careful study must command serious consideration and will probably take high rank among appreciations of the genius

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTOMS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY Co., Denver; TEOLIN PILOT Co., Houston; PAUL ELDER & Co., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON Co., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; MARSHALL FIELD & Co., Chicago; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon.

Fiction

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War.

Hans Frost, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. Walpole's London and Polchester are the background for this story of a middle-aged writer who was caught in "things" and how he freed himself.

The Way of Eben, by James Branch Cabell: McBride. A farewell to the family of Dom Manuel, and a further exposition of Cabell's philosophy. Reviewed Oct. 30.

The Good Companions, by J. B. Priestly: Harpers. A delightful, substantial English story of a traveling dramatic company, full of common sense, sturdy sentiment and good fun. Reviewed Oct. 16.

Ex-Wife, Anonymous: Cape and Smith. A lurid picture of the smart Bohemian crowd in New York which is making more stir than it deserves on its merits to make.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Queen Elizabeth, by Katherine Anthony: Knopf. This admirable study of the Virgin Queen will sustain the renewed interest of readers in the Tudor period. Reviewed Oct. 9.

Marriage and Morals, by Bertrand Russell: Live-right. A courageous and valuable study of modern marriage which should be widely read. Reviewed Oct. 23.

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Liveright. A masterly recreation of a striking and important historical scene. Reviewed April 10.

The Art of Thinking, by Ernest Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes wittily of a lost art.

of Rabelais. Moreover, this book has the unmistakable charm of a labor of love.

MARY SHIRLEY.

OTHER INTERESTING books published within the last two weeks and received too late for review are: *Old Louisiana*,⁷ by Lyle Saxon, a fascinating informal history of that picturesque state, in which the writer has used his

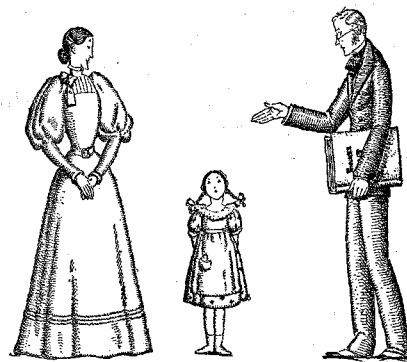
unusual material, old diaries, letters, etc., with imagination, to paint a glowing picture of old days, and in which many lovely faded relics of Old Louisiana are delightfully reproduced by the drawings of E. H. Suydam; *Washington, Past and Present*,⁸ by Charles Moore, a descriptive account of the city with special emphasis upon its architectural features, also illustrated by Suydam; *Essays*,⁹ by James G. Huneker, an excellent selection made by H. L. Mencken, who has added a delightful, informal introduction; *Paganini of Genoa*,¹⁰ by Lillian Day, the first modern and generally interesting biography of the eccentric virtuoso, whose career was so stormy and whose talent, so great; *New York in the American Revolution*,¹¹ by Wilbur C. Abbott, a valuable and very readable study of the city, beginning with the first stirrings of the revolutionary spirit in the Dutch Colonial town and continuing through the struggle to the evacuation of the British in 1783; *Our Singing Strength*,¹² by Alfred Kreymborg, an impassioned, moving story of American poetry from Colonial days when the poets were the writers of religious prose through the new England renaissance, the middle lull, broken by Whitman and Emily Dickinson, into the new renaissance of strong, young singers. Mr. Kreymborg, himself a poet, writes from the point of view of maturity, and, after admirable essays on the earlier figures, devotes, as the title of his book demands, half the volume to contemporary verse. His book is rich in quotation, finely used to convey to readers a sense of participation in critical analysis, and should be greeted with cheers by all American poetry lovers, new and old.

America Set Free by Count Keyserling (Harpers), *This Ugly Civilization* by John Borsodi (Simon and Schuster) and *Our Business Civilization* by James Truslow Adams (A. & C. Boni) published this week will be reviewed later by John Carter.

Behind the Blurbs

THE CHRISTMAS SELECTION of the Book League is *Joe Pete*, a tale of life among the Ojibway Indians, to be pub. this month by Henry Holt. Ex-

7. Century, \$5.00.
8. Century, \$5.00.
9. Scribners, \$3.50.
10. Macaulay, \$3.50.
11. Scribners, \$3.50.
12. Coward McCann, \$5.00.



For Boys and Girls

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An amazing tale by an author of thirteen, about two small girls in Victorian England. \$2.25

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Pictures by RUDOLF MATES

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A fox terrier's adventures in Morocco. \$2.00.

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By HELEN HILL and VIOLET MAXWELL

A tale of old Provence by the authors of Little Tonino. \$2.00

All About Pets

By MARGERY BIANCO

Just what to do for rabbits, mice, dogs, cats, guinea pigs, and alligators. \$2.00



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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

pected to cause much discussion for the light it throws on the Indian question. * * * Another Injun story was chosen in Nov. by the Lit. Guild. *Laughing Boy*, a first novel by Oliver La Farge, pub. by Houghton Mifflin. 'Tis a Navajo tale. * * * And the Book 'o the Month Club pins its Dec. Medal on the bosom of *Franklin*, by Bernard Fay, to be pub. by Little Brown. * * * For the crossword puzzle addict, *Travel Trails*¹³ offers a pleasant modification of their favorite drug. A new kind of playing-with-word solitaire game. We like the illustrations by Loren Stout. * * * Few realize the perils of literary fame. Here's Richard Aldington, who since the success of his *The Death of a Hero* has had three offers of marriage and has been claimed by an elderly lady as her long-lost husband. * * * We derived an immense amount of pleasure from Rebecca West's *Harriet Hume*.¹⁴ Leaving aside the symbolism, with which we are sure a rereading would not fit us to cope, we found it wholly delightful—beautifully written, with much wisdom, a charming irony, passages of rich fantasy, and an absolute rightness of phrase. And some spun sugar. The method is sometimes carried too far. Shall we confess that Harriet made us a little tired with her everlasting posing, her eternal conscious certainty of her precious charm? "Look," she says to us, "I am so ethereally fragile—do not tears sting your eyes at the too too poignant sense of my unearthly perfect grace? And I'm so wise." This irritated us at first, but the charm of the book was so great that we at last granted Harriet all she claimed. Of course we don't understand the book. But need that be a bar to enjoyment? * * * The Masai warriors, according to Carveth Wells's *In Coldest Africa*,¹⁵ have solved very simply the problem of week-end baggage. They carry only spears to kill their enemies and sticks to beat their wives. That's what we call being stripped to the essentials. The book is an amusing account of the Massee Expedition to the Mountains of the Moon, the source of the Nile. * * * *Seamen All, Peril of the Sea, Mysteries of the Sea* and *Sea Wolves of the Mediterranean* are the first 4 vols. in *The Nautilus Library*, a collection of books of true sea stories and history brought out by Stokes at \$1. * * * Same price are Knopf's *Borzoï Pocket Books*, three new titles in which are Ham-sun's *Pan*, Shiel's *Lord of the Sea* and Huxley's *Essays of a Biologist*. * * *

(Please Turn to Page 440)

¹³. By Ebenhack and Stout: Liveright, \$1.50.
¹⁴. Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.
¹⁵. Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.

THE focal point of popular religious interest at present is what is often termed "The New Religion of Humanism." Of course Humanism is not new, being essentially the old, Stoic attitude toward life, nor is it a religion in any historical use of the term. But as a spirited attack upon both fundamentalism and modernism it has deep significance. Three or four first-rate books have been published in the last few weeks which state and defend the essential Humanist position. One of these is by Harry Elmer Barnes, to whom religion is a pet aversion. It is called *The Twilight of Christianity*, (Vanguard Press.) This book is devoted to the thesis that orthodox religion has done incomparably more harm than good. It is the first evil which lovers of humanity must attack. Barnes is particularly incensed at what he calls "The Jesus Stereotype," for he is convinced that Bishop McConnell, Kirby Page and a number of other Christian leaders are quite competent to grasp today's problems on the basis of their own authority without lugging in the name of Jesus. If Professor Barnes has left out any argument against religion, we cannot think of it. This is a smashing attack upon Christianity and as a source book of anti-religious argument it is excellent. That it will convince any one who has had a vital religious experience is very doubtful. Another book setting forth the spirit of Humanism is *Mysticism and Logic*, by Bertrand Russell (Norton.) No nobler statement of this position has been made than that found within these pages—particularly in the essay, "A Free Man's Worship." Not all of the essays making up this book are new, but even the old ones are a delight to any one who appreciates a lucid style and takes pleasure in clear and cogent reasoning. To those who want the best, this book is recommended. But modern Humanism is based upon science and derives its life from it. One of the best ways to catch the present drift is to read a fascinating but scholarly book, *New Views of Evolution*, by G. P. Conger, (Macmillan.) Professor Conger is a teacher of philosophy in the University of Minnesota. This is the best statement of the evidence for evolution and trends in scientific thinking we have yet seen. An acquaintance with it will enable one to view Humanism critically. *Do the Churches Dare?* by Chauncey J.

Hawkins, (Macmillan) deals also with this subject, although this could never be guessed from the title. This is really an appeal to the churches to give up the preaching of God as a transcendental being and find Him instead in the whole process of nature. It deserves a thoughtful reading.

Somewhat as an offset to these books which would urge man to rely entirely upon himself without any thought of a cosmic companion, we may mention a particularly helpful book called, *The Allies of Religion*, by Edward Worcester, D. D., well known for his leadership of the Emanuel healing movement. As Professor Barnes speaks of Dr. Worcester with great respect, one will not be too much under the condemnation of the Humanists if he reads and ponders this book. Dr. Worcester writes as one who accepts modern science and makes use of it, but who has such a deep experience of God that it cannot be explained away. Dr. Worcester does what few writers can do—he actually helps one to face life without fear. *The Religious Response*, by Henry Wilkes Wright, (Harper) is a philosophical approach to the fundamental problem of religion, the validity of belief in a personal God. The author maintains that there are two ways of looking at the universe, each equally true; that of physical causation and that of correlation on the basis of value. The former is the way of science, the latter that of religion. In criticising naturalism he says, "No view of man or of his destiny deserves serious consideration which does not give due weight to the fact that man is unique among all the forms of life we know in being intelligently aware of the fact that he is a living being, with a limited span of life and therefore a being capable of effectively relating his own brief period of bodily life and activity to the larger issues of human progress and world history, which far transcend it in past and future." The argument of this book is deeply philosophical, but is sufficiently non-technical to be within the grasp of the average earnest reader. *Things that Remain*, by Carl E. Grammer, (Macmillan) is an attempt to take stock of the basic concepts of Christianity and, in the light of modern criticism, to find out what is secure and what is shaken. This is a sane and balanced statement of the Christian position in the face of the psychological attack.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

►► The Theatre ◄◄

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

GEORGE KAUFMAN seems to be holding the step-ladder this season, while our humorists hang their dramatic pictures. At least so we judge after seeing *June Moon*, with *The Channel Road* fresh in our mind. For again Mr. Kaufman collaborates with still another humorist, this time Ring Lardner; with, we should say, much the same results as in his previous effort with Mr. Woolcott. It seems to be difficult to make a play that produces a genuine illusion from the grab-bag of the humorist.

This time, it is the old, bone-head ball player of "You Know Me Al" days, who appears on the stage at the Broadhurst Theatre—only, magically enough, much younger, practically a boy, working for the General Electric Company, and crazy to be a song writer. To New York he comes, picking up a slender romance on the Pullman car, only to be plunged into the cynical, money-grabbing, egotistical world of Tin Pan Alley. His first absurd lyric *June Moon* promptly proceeds to make a hit, to the astonishment of everybody, including its publisher; a little gold digger tries to grab him off for what he may be worth; he is disillusioned just in time, and returns—in the manner of all good American comedies—to his dear, sweet, true Pullman romance. In between, he mispronounces all Mr. Lardner's favorite words, displays all the capacities of the sap, provides most of the characters of the play with opportunities for witticisms, and, generally, is the boob hero.

IT is a familiar formula and as done by Mr. Lardner in fiction is almost invariably amusing. In this case after the first few minutes of each scene, it begins to pall and produces the well known effect of the incorrigible punster at dinner whom you first regard as amusing, then slightly inane, and finally a horrible bore.

The satire on the absurd lyrics of our popular songs has been done time and again by our

Vanity Fair contemporaries, as well as by many of our Broadway comedians, notably in the famous Mammy, Mammy song in *The Sketch Book*. So that there is nothing new in the story. The dialogue, then, needs to be of the very best wise-cracking variety, in order to make the story amusing; and mainly this is where Mr. Lardner succeeds. He is a past master of the bitter retort. Give him a disillusioned wife, whose husband has not taken her out of an evening for ten years, and he will give you thirty-two exchanges of dialogue with a very high per cent of risibility.

The difficulty is that two such dimensional characters belong more in comic opera than they do in straight comedy. One finds it impossible to believe they are flesh and blood. In particular, a tender beauty who could stay in love with the bone-head song writer of *June Moon* seems so close to a fool that you have no sympathy with her, whatever. So that you never feel you can believe the story.

HERE IS NO WITTY REPRESENTATION OF life; instead, there appear a series of comic strip pictures. Even Mr. Kaufman has been so affected by the virus that he has brought down his curtains upon wise-cracks, instead of emotional situations. The result is a series of skits, which could provide enough laughter for an entire musical show, but which do not constitute a believable play as they stand.

What *June Moon* needs is Jerome Kern or George Gershwin. It ought to be a musical show—but in our opinion it isn't.

Incidentally it provides an actor by the name of Harry Rosenthal with a part—that of Maxie, world-weary Tin Pan Alley composer—which he does to the Queen's taste. Even Linda Watkins' beauty took on a less attractive aura when Maxie was speaking. And she was the Pullman car girl.

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:

Many Waters
Strictly Dishonorable
Sweet Adeline
Bird in Hand
Journey's End
Little Show
Street Scene
Porgy
Karl and Anna
It's a Wise Child

WE FOUND ENTERTAINING:

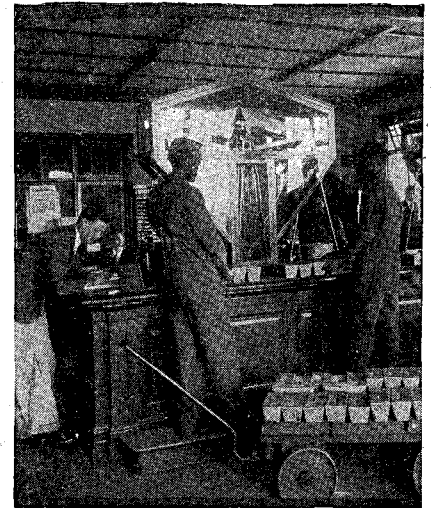
Gambling
Scarlet Pages
Let Us Be Gay
Hot Chocolates
Whoopee
Sketch Book
Follow Thru
Candle Light
June Moon

WE CAN'T RECOMMEND:

Jenny
Among the Married
Street Singer
New Moon
Criminal Code
The Channel Road
A Wonderful Night

"Their house was built of gold"

SIR JOSEPH ROBINSON, in his "Mines, Millions, and Memories" tells about a widow and her two sons, occupying a farm at Langlaagte, South Africa. They lived an arduous and frugal life, fighting hard to make ends meet, and never knew that the house they lived in was



Weighing gold bricks at the Rand Mines, Johannesburg.

built of gold! The stone of their humble homestead had been quarried from the Rand gold reef itself.

The history of the great Rand Gold Mines, that have poured forth such a vast flood of wealth, and that now reach down more than a mile and a half into the earth, is only one of the many romances and marvels of South Africa.



has much to stir the interest of the veteran traveler—the Great Victoria Falls, the Kimberley Diamond Fields, the mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins, the magic Cango Caves, the Kruger Big Game Preserve, the kraal life of Kaffir and Zulu, weird native war dances and fantastic ceremonies, the historic "Cape Beautiful" and world-famous botanical gardens—all easily accessible by luxurious railways or over superb motor roads.

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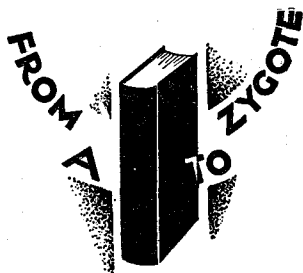
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►► The Movies ◀◀

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

►► "Sweetie"

AN UNUSUAL boarding school
for boys is the locale of this
good-humored screen comedy
with music, produced by Paramount,
and exploiting the abilities of Nancy
Carroll, Jack Oakie and Helen Kane.

The football captain at this amazing
institution is discovered, at the plot's
outset, preparing to leave school and
marry a chorus girl. He is dissuaded
from this purpose by the coach, who
points out, with much seriousness, that
the team will suffer an irreparable hurt
and will undoubtedly lose the Ogle-
thorpe game for the twentieth consecu-
tive time.

So our hero decides to can the chorus
cutie and give his all for old Pelham
(as the school is named) and he so in-
forms the young lady when she arrives
to take him away.

She, however, has had only a night
school education and this loyalty to a
mere game, such as football, is entirely
beyond her. Especially as it is cost-
ing her a handsome and versatile hus-
band, who can play halfback, write
songs and lyrics, sing same and accom-
pany himself on the piano with equal
facility. She, therefore, leaves in a
huff and rejoins the chorus, and we
have one of these Big Misunderstand-
ings that are the heart and soul of
musical comedy plots the whole world
over.

The next thing that occurs is too
diverting for anything: Old Dr. Pel-
ham, headmaster of the school, dies—
and it is discovered that this very
chorus girl is his long-lost niece; and
she inherits the school—and becomes
its headmistress;
and she does this
merely to get back
at Biff Bentley, the
faithless football
c a p t a i n, song
writer, etc. See?

She makes life a
veritable hell for
the noble youth and
crowns her acts by
refusing to allow
him to play in the
Oglethorpe game.
Just before the
contest, though, she
changes her mind
and lets him go in;
she has seen a great
light and school

spirit has suddenly assumed its true
significance in her eyes. But the hero
thinks she has allowed him to play just
because she wants to sell the school;
and this she can do only if the team
wins, of course!

Throughout the first half he is so
cast down by this thought that he
fumbles, fails to gain and mopes use-
lessly about in the backfield, an easy
prey for the Oglethorpe tacklers. Be-
tween the halves she tells him she still
loves him, and loves the school, and it
was all a big mistake and—Zowie! out
he goes onto that gridiron and just
mops up.

This venerable idea gives rise to a
question that has often bothered us:
why is it that clowns, and other enter-
tainers, can carry on, although a heart
is breaking beneath the painted smile,
whereas athletes go all to pieces after
every little fuss they have with the
girl friend?

We've seen Al Jolson walk right out
on the stage from his tiny son's death
bed and go almost through with the
number—but we've never seen a base-
ball player, football player, or fighter
who was worth a hoot after a love-
spat.

They strike out, they muff punts and
take it on the chin until the heroine,
crowding her way to their presence,
sets their doubts at rest, after which
they always rally—and *always always*
win.

Sweetie, in spite of its plot (and
we've only given a bare outline of the
absurdities thereof), is proving to be
immensely popular. The fact is, it's
youthful and exuberant, full of fun and
pep, and has the benefit of Jack Oakie's

artistic clowning.
Oakie, as Tap-Tap
Thompson, the
chorus girl's friend
and adviser, is just
as sure-fire as they
come.

Nancy Carroll is
attractive and shows
improvement as a
speaking actress;
and Helen Kane—
well, Helen Kane is
a matter of varying
opinion.

Her boopa-
doopa-dooping de-
lights some, and
then again it nau-
seates others.

Now Showing

(These are all talking pictures)

Disraeli: George Arliss gives his dis-
tinguished performance exactly as
he gave it on the stage.

Welcome Danger: Harold Lloyd's
first talkie. The gags are as
numerous and as funny as ever.
The talk sometimes helps, some-
times hampers the fun.

They Had to See Paris: Will Rogers
as Will Rogers, surrounded by a
fair plot and medium dialogue.

Flight: This epic of the air is almost
ruined by "love" interest.

Applause: Rouben Mamoulian directs
Helen Morgan in a spotty picture.

Bulldog Drummond: Surely you've
seen it, by this time?

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Orange

THE SLIPPERS were pink. The sweater was pink. And the dress was a bright orange. She could not remember having had so many new and beautiful things before. She was only just beginning to remember anything, for life before three is a warm and tender haze. There was nothing in it to compare with the sharpness, the swimming brightness of the orange dress. When she added to it the pink sweater, stepped into the pink shoes and bent to fasten the straps, she closed her eyes and felt her teeth on her lip. She wanted to look at it all at once.

The burst of radiance, as it leapt from her feet to her eyes, hurt her somewhere in her throat. Feelings that she had never known swept her into a delicious dizziness, and standing tiptoe, with outstretched hands, she swayed backwards and forwards.

She was going out. It was Saturday night, and on Saturday she was not put to bed as early as on other nights. She was three years old and allowed to help with the marketing. Her mother would carry in one hand a bag so long that it nearly touched the pavement. It had two handles at the top and these her mother held in one hand while she herself was held by her mother's other hand. Every time her mother stopped at a counter she would need the hand that held her little girl. She would open her pocketbook with it, and take a package with it, and spreading the handles of the bag, drop the package inside. Then she would reach for the hand that waited beside her and together they would step out again into the brightly lighted streets. After the last package there would be an ice-cream cone. All this would happen every Saturday night.

But tonight, as together they hurried down the wooden stairs, she could see through the narrow doorway that the streets were much brighter than usual. As they stepped outside she looked up and saw the stars, so close they startled her. Some were hanging over the rooftops and some leaning down into the chimneys. The lights that lit up the stores were larger, too, and for the first time she could see that there were colors behind them. She closed her eyes and opened them, but it was all true. She looked down at her sweater, at the orange dress, and the

pink shoes that ran along the pavement under her very eyes. They sprang at her again and tried to choke her with joy. When they went inside the first store she could hardly wait to be out again, running along the street.

In the next store her mother looked down at her and smiled. Her mother saw it too—she saw how pretty and gay the pink color was, and how the orange seemed to laugh out loud.

"Here!" said her mother, still smiling and opening her pocketbook, "this is for the ice-cream cone. Don't lose it!" She pressed a nickel in her hand.

The nickel felt large and cold and her hand felt hot—the hand that did not hold on to her mother. This was serious. This was being grown-up. Soon she would be eating an ice-cream cone, but now the money was hers. And the money was more than an ice-cream cone; it was anything you wanted. She could buy ice-cream with it—or—. Her mind was remembering busily other nickels. She looked up at her mother, but her mother was leaning over the counter. She ran over to the door and looked out.

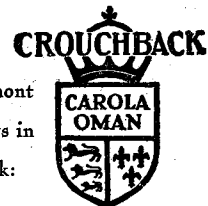
Far away an elevated train crashed and rumbled. She saw it slide across the street high in the air, its windows glimmering and winking at her. And suddenly she knew something she had never known before.

She looked behind her, where her mother still leaned across the counter. The nickel was warm now inside her hand. She ran with it suddenly out into the street—faster, over towards the elevated tracks.

Up the long, long flight of stairs, past the tall box where she must reach to leave her nickel—and a long bright train of cars shivered and stopped for her. She chose an empty seat and pressed her face to the cold glass.

The train began to move. Light after light—wonder beyond wonder—windows she had never seen before, lit with candles—strange faces that stared at her and were gone. Down in the street people were dancing; they sprang into life out of the shadows and were swallowed up again—she could hear the music of the hurdy-gurdys. Darkness—light—color—darkness.

She sat up in the train and rubbed her eyes. She was alone. The train had stopped going forward. It was going backward. She knew from the burning of her eyes that she ought to be going to bed now.



Frances Lamont
Robbins says in
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Obediently, she got up at the next station and stepped off the train. There was a bench there, so she lay down upon it and went to sleep. The last thing she remembered was her mother at the counter smiling at her.

But when she woke up, it was a policeman. He was staring at her, saying, "Pink slippers and an orange dress."

With a rush of joy, she looked down at herself and nodded.

"Yes," she answered as he took her by the hand.

Forecast

The
Outlook and Independent
Announces

THE LEADING ARTICLE of the next issue will be "Raids on the Pantry" by Wainwright Evans. Mr. Evans examines the state of the Food and Drugs Act of 1906 in his article and finds that its teeth are being extracted by legislative amendments and red tape. Mr. Evans is a frequent contributor to *The Outlook and Independent*.



IN SPITE OF bullish statements on the part of President Hoover, Will Rogers, assorted senators, bankers and financial experts, we feel confident that our readers realize that last week's struggle to dig up more margin was hardly comic. In "The 'X' of the Stock Market" William O. Scroggs discusses the behavior of the investment trust stocks on the occasion of their first encounter with panic conditions. Mr. Scroggs is an associate of the *New York World* and a writer on financial subjects.



THE DEATH OF Gustav Stresemann has created a vacancy in Germany which is going to be difficult to fill. In "Stresemann's Successor" T. R. Ybarra describes the unique position which the foreign minister, as the only man able to reconcile the monarchists, communists and socialists, held in Germany and speculates on the possibility of finding some one capable of filling his shoes. Mr. Ybarra is the regular foreign correspondent of *The Outlook and Independent*.



ACCORDING TO THE *New York World* Boston's Christian Scientists are not as pleased as we are with Mrs. Springer's biography of Mrs. Eddy. Nevertheless we still think you will enjoy the next installment which describes her amazing recovery from invalidism under the treatment of Dr. Phineas Parkhurst Quimby from whom she originally derived many of her ideas.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE SAW at the Grand Central Palace an exhibition of models of ancient Chinese personages—generals, empresses, chief eunuchs, princes and slave girls—dressed in faithful and exquisite copies of the costumes they wore in life. The models are some 10 inches high, and represent years of research by their owner, Madame Bari, who had them copied from ancient portraits. They date all the way from the Third Century B.C. to the Fifteenth Century A.D. With these models are a dozen or so very gruesome groups representing various Chinese methods of torture. There are also a great many fine embroidered panels and curtains. It is a show well worth seeing, if you care for beautiful things.

IF YOU HAVE ever put a foot down at 3 A.M. and touched a hot water bottle which has grown cold and leaped out of bed with a yell, under the impression that a rattlesnake has invaded your couch, you will appreciate the new hot water bottle stopper which contains a heating unit that maintains the water at the desired temperature.

TO MAINTAIN the temperature of the person while driving on cold winter days, we have seen an excellent foot-warmer, made of heavy cloth and lined with sheepskin. Also a wool motor robe which comes packed in a velvet pillow bag at about \$6.

IN RYE, N. Y., is said to be the first all-automatic store in the country. Fifty talking robots dish out groceries, toilet articles, candy, cigarettes, gum and so on to those who feed them the proper coins. This is all right and an excellent simplification of buying and selling. What we object to is the jackassery which finds it necessary to make the robots talk. "It's packed in sunshine, Madam," snarls the machine which sells you coffee in one of these stores. That fatigues us, just a trifle.

IF PINGPONG still interests you, there is a folding pingpong table which packs away neatly when not in use. Six folding legs, and the top is hinged.

A METAL HELMET with six long curving horns which grow together at the tips was shown to us the other day. It might be an ancient Chinese war bonnet or a medieval headdress, but we

learned that it was only a hair dryer—an English invention which is now being used in Wanamaker's little French hairdressing salon. It is called the Fivminit, because—ah, you have guessed it—it will dry the wettest hair in about that time. And all without disturbing a single hair of the perfectly set wave. A great time saver for the busy woman, who need no longer sit fuming and watching the hands of her watch while the drying process goes on.

COLORING PAPER cigarette holders, four or six inches in length, may be had in jade green, Chinese red, orchid, orange, French blue, black and ivory. Gold-tipped, and with goosequill stems. Something to match any complexion, costume or mood.

COASTERS, made of highly absorbent paper to keep the glass and table dry, come in four assorted mottled colors. They may be used many times.

And paper bibs may be had now. They are made to fit the neck, and are long enough to protect the lap. Come in sanitary glassine wrappers to keep them fresh and clean.

MANY of the cigar stores are now carrying a gadget which in combination with a pack of cigarettes makes a very acceptable cigarette case. The side pieces slide down inside the paper wrapping of the package, and the top, which has a hinged lid, fits down over the open top of the package. The cigarettes are easy to get at, and don't get crushed in the pocket.

IF YOU'RE a bit particular and like a new toothbrush every little while, you can get very good ones with bamboo handles for 94 cents a dozen.

WHY ANYBODY should think we'd be interested in a private room in a mausoleum we don't know, but there's a mausoleum company keeps pursuing us with letters and literature, and it even wishes to send a messenger down to us with "a few large photographs, including the particular room which we want you to see." That sounds sinister to us. Why do they want us to see it? They'll go get us interested in it and then they'll get us to go up and look at it, and then they'll push us in and shut the door. No thanks. We prefer to stay out of mausoleums.

The Obscure Years

(Continued from Page 415)

efforts and researches of professional men at the centers of civilization, such isolated villages as those in the White Mountains received little news and much less the benefits of these methods.

There was in America at that time no such professional delicacy on the subject of advertising among physicians as has been carried to an extreme in our day. Newspapers carried advertisements of cure-alls, promising by this or that herb, tablet, pill, wafer, tonic, drug, to heal "instantaneously" all the ills that flesh is heir to. It was the period as well of religious cure-alls, absolute systems, with claims as extravagant as the "M.D.'s." Diagnosis and prescription by spirits, manipulation, the laying on of hands, magnetism, the water cure, all these were offered, their promises held out.

Mrs. Patterson had tried the remedies of the regular school of medicine, she had tried homeopathy, she had tried the mesmeric treatments used occasionally by Dr. Ladd and later in her widowhood by "Boston John" Clark. From all of these methods she had obtained only slight and temporary relief, and now at forty her condition was such that she faced a lifetime of chronic invalidism. She was almost continuously confined to her bed.

In each of these methods she had successively believed, and even perhaps half believed in all of them at once, and by each of them had she felt herself betrayed. Where was she now to turn? Was there nowhere anything in which she might believe?

With what a sense of relief then, and of renewed hope, must the invalid have heard reports and read the accounts now beginning to appear in the newspapers of the miraculous cures performed in Portland, Maine, by a man who had himself discarded all conventional methods of healing, and was declaring that the failures and the successes of medicine, mesmerism and Spiritualism alike, were the result merely of faith or "belief," or of the influence of one human mind upon another, and that disease itself is but the effect of a "belief" or "error" upon the body.

As early as February, 1858, stories of the cures performed by Phineas P. Quimby, then of Belfast, Maine, were published, and a writer in the *Bangor Jeffersonian* had said that it was "too late an hour for the cry of 'humbug' in Mr. Quimby's treatment of disease . . . People are beginning to inquire, 'Who and what is Dr. Quimby?' By



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what strange agency does he cure disease which for years has baffled the skill of our most eminent physicians?"

In 1860 the number of the cures effected by Quimby, who now had offices in the International Hotel in Portland, had reached such proportions that the references to them, and letters and articles about his method were increasingly reported in the press.

IT IS A notable fact that these communications, editorials, and letters from persons who had received the benefit of the Quimby treatment, seem all to have been written by persons of intelligence and education, and nowhere indulge in that sentimentality and extravagance which so often appear in the accounts and testimonials of new "healing" systems.

An extended article in the Lebanon, New Hampshire, *Free Press* of December 3, 1860, and copied by other New England papers, says of Dr. Quimby's method that "his explanations and his cures go hand in hand;" that "not fearing to investigate the operation of the mind he penetrated the region where but few have dared to venture," and went far beyond others in his experiments; that "his curing disease is perfectly intelligent, and is in itself a new philosophy of life."

"The foundation of his theory, regarded simply as a belief, is that disease is not self-existent, nor created by God, but purely an invention of man. Yet it is so firmly established in our belief, and substantiated by so much wisdom, that its existence as an independent identity is never questioned. In his treatment he makes a complete separation between the sufferer and sickness. For the latter he has no respect; and, while he is battling and destroying the faith or belief of which it is made, he respects the intelligence of the patient, which he leaves free and unchained."

Now it was reported that Quimby was to visit Concord, and in October of 1861, Dr. Patterson addressed a letter to him as follows:

Rumney, N. H., Oct. 14, 1861

Dr. Quimby

Dear Sir: I have heard that you intended to come to Concord, N. H., this fall to stop a while for the benefit of the suffering portion of our race: do you so intend, and if so, how soon? My wife has been an invalid for a number of years; is not able to sit up but a little, and we wish to have the benefit of your wonderful power in her case. If you are soon coming to Concord I

shall carry her up to you, and if you are not coming there we may try to carry her to Portland if you remain there.

Please write me at your earliest convenience and oblige,

Yours truly,

DR. D. PATTERSON,
Rumney, N. H.

To this Mr. Quimby replied that he was not coming to Concord, and enclosed a circular in which, among other things, he says:

"As my practice is unlike all other medical practice, it is necessary to say that I give no medicines, and make no outward applications, but simply sit by the patient, tell him what he thinks is his disease, and my explanation is the cure. And, if I succeed in correcting his errors, I change the fluids of the system, and establish the truth, or health. *The truth is the cure . . .*"

It is probable that Dr. Patterson would have taken his wife to Portland had she not directly after this begun to improve somewhat in health.

These were days of much exciting news. The fall of Sumter had announced the reality of the Civil War. Dr. Patterson, after his years of struggle to make a living in dull New England villages, felt the call of romance and opportunity. In March of 1862, he left Rumney for the seat of war to distribute a fund raised by the people of New Hampshire to Union sympathizers in the South. On the 25th of March, while visiting the battle-field of Bull Run, he strayed too near the enemy lines and was captured by the Southerners. He was at once confined in Libbey Prison as a prisoner of war. In Rumney, Mrs. Patterson read her husband's name in the list of Northerners captured by the Confederates.

Now certainly Mrs. Patterson was in a dilemma.

She wrote at once to her relatives imploring their aid in effecting her husband's release. But there was little to be done. Moreover, no word could pass between her and her husband now languishing in Libbey Prison. Once more she was to become dependent upon her family.

On May 29, 1862, she addressed a letter to the same Dr. Quimby to whom her husband had written before.

Doctor Quimby,

Dear Sir:

I address you briefly stating my case. I have been sick 6 years with spinal inflammation, and its train of sufferings—gastric and bilious. Last

autumn my husband addressed you a letter respecting my case, and has always been very anxious for me to see you; I am now unable to go to you.

I was getting well this spring, but my dear husband was taken prisoner of war by the Southrons and the shock overcame me and brought on a relapse; I want to see you above all others. I have entire confidence in your philosophy as read in the circular sent my husband Dr. Patterson. Can you, will you visit me at once? I must die unless you can save me. My disease is chronic and I have been unable to turn myself or be moved by any but my husband for one year at a time. I am just on the verge of such sufferings again. Do come and save me. Do you remember A. N. Tilton and Geo. S. Baker of Sanbornton Bridge? I am the youngest sister of the latter. —Mrs. Tilton is anxious you should see me. Please pardon all errors. I write in bed and without ceremony.

Yours, etc.,

MARY M. PATTERSON.

Quimby was unable to leave the patients thronging to him for relief, and Mrs. Patterson left Rumney and went to her married sister, who arranged for her to go to Dr. Vail's Water Cure Sanitarium at Hill, New Hampshire.

The Water Cure seems to have done her little good; in fact, her condition grew steadily worse. And in August of that summer she wrote again to Quimby, telling him that she felt she had made a great mistake in not trying to reach him when she had more strength. She said that she had been at the Water Cure between two and three months; that when she came she could walk half a mile, and that now she can sit up but a few minutes at a time.

"Suppose I have faith sufficient to start for you, do you think I can reach you without sinking from the effects of the journey? I am so excitable I think I could keep alive till I reached you but then would there be foundation sufficient for you to restore me—is the question. I should rather die with my friends at Sanbornton Bridge, hence I shall go to you to live or to them to die very soon. Please answer this yourself. Truly yours, Mary M. Patterson."

To this letter Quimby replied encouragingly, and Mrs. Patterson then made her plans to leave the sanitarium.

(To Be Continued)

Death at Birth

(Continued from Page 408)

Too much conservatism on the part of the patient, of her family or friends, who would stay the hand of the qualified obstetrician, when in his judgment an obstetric operation is imperative, can result in the loss of a patient or reduce her chances to recovery and health."

All of which makes it clear that the problem in obstetrics is a complicated one, not to be solved by applying a formula—"nature"—nor another. What it calls for is skill and discrimination and judgment, and those qualities are not to be had without training.

The difficulty is not, after all, impassable. Regarding rural medical care, that is a question too large to cover in the article. For the rest, a number of voices in the profession have been lifted in what sounds, to the layman, like a notably sensible suggestion. They would train the practitioner adequately in handling normal deliveries, and even in performing the simpler obstetric operations,—with due regard for prophylaxis. They would also train him to recognize complications in time, and these would be referred as a matter of course to expert consultants, just as is done in other branches of medicine and surgery. Why not?

Whose Game Is It?

(Continued from Page 425)

wiser men during a game, Mr. Dan McGugin, the coach of Vanderbilt University, rather contradicts Mr. Meehan by remarking that—

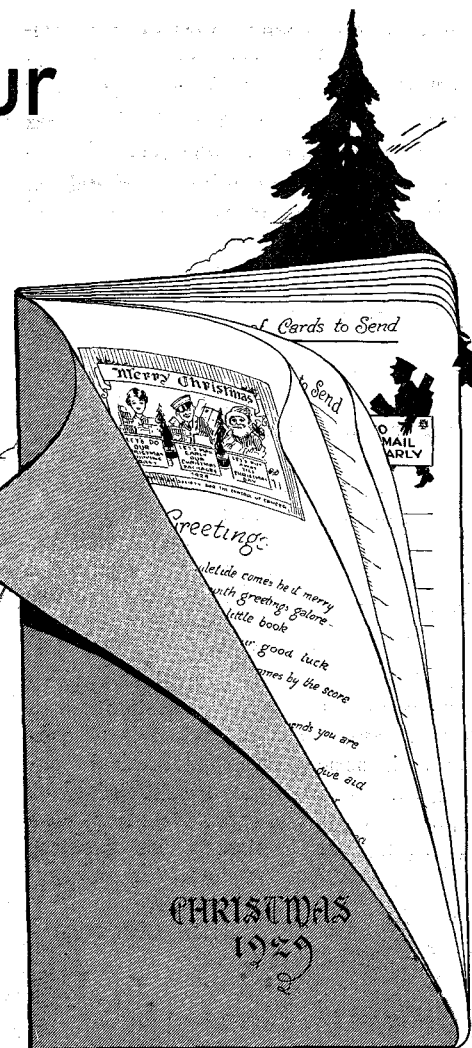
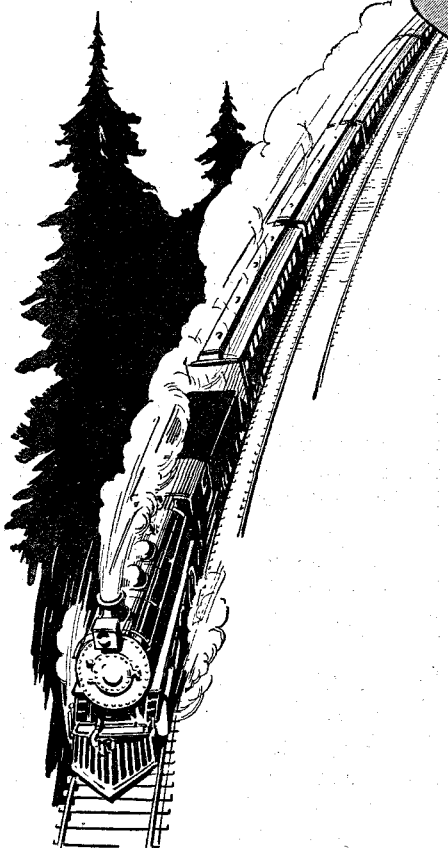
"Some must have greatly exaggerated idea of influence of coach on the sideline of conduct of game. No reputable coach nowadays signals nor sends in players to carry messages." This will certainly be news to those who watched closely the game between the Navy and Notre Dame at Baltimore on the twelfth of last October. He then goes on to remark that "he can instruct players on the bench while the game is going on by calling attention to things properly or improperly done." Then after Mr. McGugin has assured us that all a coach can do is to point out during a game how things are done, he is contradicted by Mr. Glenn Warner of California who suggests that:

"Contrary to general opinion coaches do not run football from the bench. Practically all a coach can do when his team takes the field is to watch the players and make substitutions when any of them show signs of exhaustion

(Please Turn to Page 440)

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recognized in its early stages—when it is curable—and those afflicted may be persuaded to put themselves under the care of physicians before it is *too late*.

Cancer is almost exclusively a disease of adult life. Almost 95% of the total number of deaths from cancer occur after the age of 35—the age of greatest usefulness.

This year we are asking you to buy this booklet in which to record the Christmas gifts you give and receive—the price is one dollar. The proceeds will be devoted to this war against cancer.

THE generosity of the American public is limitless. Last year its contribution to the American Society for the Control of Cancer made possible a campaign of publicity which unquestionably saved many lives. The entire purpose of the Society is to disseminate information in regard to cancer so that the disease may be

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER

25 WEST FORTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK

Free information in regard to cancer will be sent on request.

With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 402)

ing man than since Prohibition has been the law of the land. Reverse eddies, to be sure, but to fail to see the steadily increasing progress in human life and conduct, better social conditions, greater independence physically, morally and financially, is to be blinded by prejudice.

Mr. Phillips says that we should "enact laws that conform with the well-nigh universal customs and traditions of the people." That would turn the clock of time backward. That very thing caused Chinese fixity and today is a menace to real religion and ethical conduct. A thing is right not because it conforms to customs and traditions but because it is based on intelligent and well-poised judgment. Anything that can be proven to be for the highest good of humanity is right.

In the last analysis that which enables a person, or a nation to attain its own highest self is a right principle of conduct. I never had a puritanical contempt for a man who drank a glass of liquor; but demonstrated facts have convinced me Prohibition is the greatest blessing this country has ever known.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN OAKSFORD

Rector, Holy Cross Church

►► About the Newsstands

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for years—notwithstanding that, I believe that your decision to place it upon newsstands is an excellent idea, at its current price, with its able articles, it cannot help but greatly increase your circulation.

When you gave circulation boldly to articles that departed from the ordinary skim milk papers, without clear-cut, decisive opinions, I admired your pluck, but feared its influence upon your circulation. It is a pleasure to know that your judgment was not at fault.

Sincerely yours,

J. W. MACFARLANE, M. D.

►► A Reply to Our Critics

Laguna Beach, California

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The editors owe no apology to their critics, Melvil Dewey and Mrs. P. H. Ralph in your August issue.

Necessarily people of their beliefs are disqualified utterly from the field of detached and reasoned criticism of human rights, duties and activities. Individuals who make an issue of smoking tobacco or drinking beer or wine are in

their very nature incapable of any meritorious contribution to the solution of real human problems. In their attempts to measure humanity by their own pitiful and petty beliefs and prejudices they only classify themselves and establish their grade and limitations.

Yours very truly,

HENRY J. WEEKS

►► Brickbats

McGregor, Iowa

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

As I prefer to get my magazines at the news stand, I asked the local dealer to order *The Outlook* for me. You may imagine my surprise and disappointment, after reading the first few copies, at the great tumble the magazine had taken.

You claim to be a magazine of "intelligent inquiry," but the articles and editorials indicate that the inquiry is already made, and you proceed to pronounce dogmatic and vilifying remarks about prohibition, bishops, ministers and "particularly the Methodist Church." You seem to have a rankling resentment against all persons and organizations that opposed the election of Al Smith at the recent election. Even though the Methodist Church has worked for temperance and temperance reform all through her history, yet when Al Smith, nominated on a dry platform entered the race with the announcement that he would work for the repeal or modification of the Eighteenth amendment, Methodists and others must not open their mouths, but must go like sheep to the slaughter.

However, you are not so finicky about churches mixing in politics if the church is on the right side. Our Lutheran Brethren are passing resolutions at many of their Synod meetings against prohibition. No criticism from *The Outlook* and *Independent*. I read today the report of Bishop Curley's speech in Dublin on the prohibition question. Again no criticism from your magazine. Presumably it is all right to get into politics if one is on the right side. It all depends on whose bull is gored.

You imply that because a person is a bishop, or a minister he has no right to take an active part in the affairs of government, or the election of officers. In that case, what right have editors, lawyers, farmers, business men or any persons to mix in politics? Civic duties, or privileges, which ever we call them, are common to all citizens. There isn't any special set that I am aware of whose business it is to look after political matters. These interests the preacher has as much right to take an active part in—political matters—as the cobbler.

I have read Mr. "Dooee's" letter. He

comes close to hitting the nail on the head in spite of his reformed spelling. I also feel that the number of your readers will decrease, at least by one, not because you are against prohibition, but because you do not have any constructive and worthwhile arguments against prohibition, and resort to insinuations and mutton-headed arguments. I want a magazine of intelligent inquiry, and not one in which the editor carries on his personal propaganda against a Board or a Bishop or a Church.

Very sincerely,

F. H. SCHEPPLE

►► For an English-Speaking Union

Charlotte, N. C.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The impartial character of *The Outlook*, tempts me to ask for the hospitality of its correspondence columns

If England and America are in earnest in their desire to co-operate to abolish war, then they must co-operate to abolish the causes of war. War arises from economic causes over which friendly relations can have no control, because of the vital issues involved. America was safe while her manufacturing and distributing methods were hers alone, and there were few manufacturing nations. Now all the world wants to follow the example of America. Factories make nations rich quickly, but they will not keep nations rich in a world of factories producing more than the world needs, or can buy. The very factories that have created prosperity can stir up war like a whirlwind to destroy some of them. The peace plan must be one based on plenty and security.

It has been said that "Commerce is a chain to link all the human race to each other by mutually supplying each other's necessities." A federation of the English speaking states will do this, a federation with no over-lord, just a big business company, in which all the stock holders will be equal, with headquarters in London because of her unique geographical position, with America, Canada, Australia, and Africa, great clearing houses for the produce of each. With such a big business combine operating one for all and all for one, it would be possible to substitute co-operation for rivalry, distribution for trade, and give economic security to all.

Better business demands unity; security demands it, and peace demands it. If there is going to be a federation of European states, and a federation of South American states, and in time a federation of Oriental states, then there must be a federation of English-speaking states, or American prosperity cannot last. We live in a changing world.

MARY E. FORBES

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY for Dec. 18, issue due on or before
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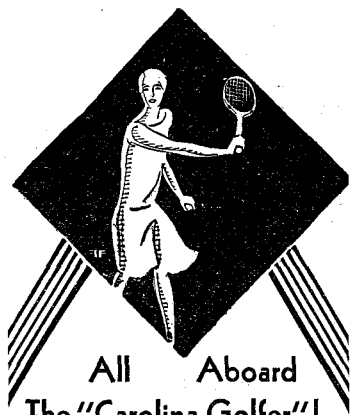
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EUROPE-1930

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Miscellaneous

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of \$10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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CLASSIFIED SECTION (Continued)

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Whose Game Is It?

(Continued from Page 437)

or become injured." If, as Mr. Warner points out, coaches do not run football from the bench, why, one wonders, do they object to being placed in the stands during the game?

"The boys who play football," says Mr. Robert C. Zuppke, head coach of the University of Illinois, "are entitled to skilled supervision for their own sake. If I were a father I certainly would not want my boy playing at the whim of another boy. Why not give the bands back to the boys?"

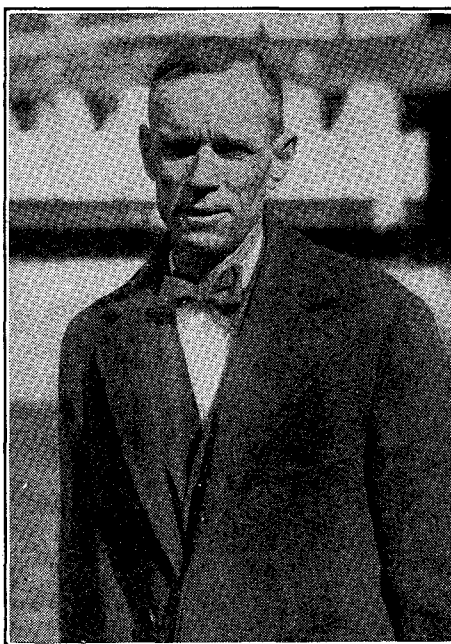
Mr. Gilmour Dobie of Cornell is even more positive. He declares that "The movement which purports to give the game back to the boys is being promulgated very largely by those who know little about the intricacies of modern football." That it was promulgated in an attempt to do away with several hundred thousand of these intricacies never seems to have penetrated the good Mr. Dobie's head. What a commentary not merely upon intercollegiate football and athletics but upon the educational system which has developed them and which in the last analysis is responsible!

Earlier in this article the comparison was made between the old school of football coaches and the manager of a professional league baseball team. Is this not proof of their similarity, is not a statement of this kind exactly the way Mr. John J. McGraw or Mr.

Connie Mack would talk if it was suggested that their players should run the game on the diamond? We would be told, with stronger language, perhaps, that the average person knew nothing of the intricacies of modern baseball. Mr. Dobie appears to overlook that by his own words he is condemning exactly what he is trying to save, that if football has become so intricate that an onlooker cannot understand it, something or some one should be amputated therefrom. Perhaps the coach might be a good place to start.

Like Mr. Dobie, Mr. Knute Rockne, one of the most famous as well as one of the most successful coaches in the United States, has remarks to make that are worth quoting in full.

"The plan for putting the coaches in the stands is sponsored by certain types of educators who are jealous of coaches and want to put them completely out of the picture. The plan is based upon a major premise that all coaches are crooked and the only ones who are honest are the heads of education. All the heads of education have to do is to hire coaches who are honest and there is nothing wrong with the present situation except heads of physical education who want to eliminate all competition in the training of young men, and particularly as regards their own job, which they want safe and free from any trials, vicissitudes or necessity of making good. Would be a better job if they did their own jobs



Wide World

Gil Dobie, Cornell Coach

better and didn't allow their jealousy of coaches to get the better of them."

Now the foregoing quotations are from leading and successful football

coaches in various sections of the country, the East, the South, the Middle West and the Far West, upon a problem of importance to the game. Except for the crocodile tears which they shed over the player who may be fatally injured unless a coach is watching his every move from the bench, (this solicitude for the welfare of the boys from the man who institutes Fight Week, who urges his charges to "get in there and fight," is a touching thing), not a single coach offered any good reason why the game should be returned to the men who play it. Neither from them nor from the replies of a dozen other coaches which are so similar as not to be worth quoting, came a single creative idea about this change which, good or bad, at least deserves a trial. There was nothing to show that these men were otherwise than entirely bankrupt of ideas about real sport, there was nothing to indicate that any of them had been doing or had ever done any original thinking upon one of the great problems of American collegiate athletics today. Says the recently published Bulletin of the Carnegie Foundation: "present methods of management, coaching and play in most college sport provide no challenge to young and alert minds because of the dominance of older persons such as professors and directors of physical education, paid managers, coaches and others who now bear almost all the responsibility for college athletics."

"The control of the team," says the gallant Mr. Dobie, "should be in the hands of the coach who is responsible and not shifted to the shoulders of the captain who under the rules has quite enough duties to perform on the field."

Is football a coach-ridden game? Mr. Dobie very kindly answers that question for us.

Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 430)

If you want to attempt to recover the vanished thrill of the dime novel of your childhood, read *Malaeska, the Indian Wife*,¹⁶ which is the first of Beadle's Dime Novels ever published. In a review in this dept. Nov. 6, Edmund Lester Pearson discussed this form of literature. * * * Herbert Gorman, whose life of Dumas so enthralled us, plans soon to start work on a biography of Christopher Marlowe, which will be a picture of the times as well as of the man.

WALTER R. BROOKS

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